

A. P. Morris's New Story, "The Man of Steel," Commences in the Next Number.

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No. 453

## AUTUMN.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

Bright Summer has sounded her last reveille,  
And faded as fadeth all beautiful things;  
But still her loveliness abideth still.  
Even though shadowed her farnished her wings.  
I see her trop off with a bird and a flower,  
As the Troubadour hastens to his Lady Love's bow-

er.

Two sisters have parted. Hush! hear their adiems!  
Their paths now diverging, no more will they  
meet.

Till Summer shall summon her beautiful Muse,  
And Autumn to Winter resigneth her seat.

Now reigns she o'er harvesting hearts everywhere,

Like a woman grown thoughtful and flushed with  
her care.

How choice are the treasures, how numerous the  
sails.

Sprawling the Ocean's blue boundless expanse;  
How nobly our ships out-rideth the gales!

Some unseen hand guideth, it cannot be chance.

Those bright keels glisten, while plowing the waves,

And thither, perchance, at the deep coral caves.

The Mind first thought that comes unto the breast,  
Is the blessed forecasting for Winter by all;

This feathering and filling one's beautiful nest

Is answering by mortals Humanity's call.

It will open the gates where no Winters abound,

And Summer celestial, no reveille will sound.

—

## A Wild Girl; OR, LOVE'S GLAMOUR.

A Romance of Brooklyn Heights.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "PRETTY AND PROUD," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE DROMIOS.

Look on this picture, then on this—SHAKESPEARE.

DUKE. One of these men is genous to the other;  
And so of these: which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

DRO. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away!  
DRO. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay!

—IBID.

To Boston to see his cousin Elaine and to try  
to probe the mystery of the two counts. Florian  
Fenn resolved to go. He was prudent for one  
so young, taking his departure on the day fol-  
lowing his meeting of the count at Lilia's, with-  
out telling his parents than his dearest friends.

He took a deep interest in the welfare of Kitty  
Kanell, not only because she was Lilia's friend,  
but on her own account. Kitty had a quality,  
superior to her beauty, her high spirits or  
great expectations—and that was "charm;" she  
charmed everybody.

Florian realized that it was time the discov-  
ery were made if there was anything in his dis-  
favor to be discovered about the count. To Bos-  
ton, therefore, he went, and received a warm  
welcome at his uncle's house.

"You have come just in time, cousin, to go  
out with me this evening. There is to be a very  
brilliant reception at one of my friends," said  
Elaine, after she had kissed him.

"Will I meet the Italian count, there?"

"Yes, he is one of the stars. What do you  
know about him?"

"Nothing—nothing at all—except what I saw  
in the paper you sent me. Perhaps you remem-  
ber Elaine, I never did 'freeze' to these foreign  
noblemen. Adventurers, after rich wives, most  
of them."

"You cannot say that about Count Cicarini.  
His credentials are undoubtedly. A perfect gentle-  
man. Handsome, courtly, with a most dreamy  
and romantic air—I'm free to confess to you,  
cousin, that I'm more than half in love with him  
myself. All the girls just rave over him. He's  
perfectly del."

Florian certainly felt an intense curiosity to  
meet this delightful person. He hardly realized  
what a very nice dinner he sat through, nor  
how lovely his cousin Elaine looked as she float-  
ed down stairs in a trailing rosy cloud of satin  
and lace.

"How abstracted you are, cousin Florian! It  
has just ruined your manners to become en-  
gaged. Quit dreaming about your Lilia and de-  
vote yourself to me if you please," pouted Elaine,  
in the carriage.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, my sweet  
cousin. I was not thinking, even of Lilia, but  
about some very important business. Is this the  
house?"

"Yes, this is the place. Look your handsom-  
est, cousin, and do me credit."

In a few moments the cousins—a very hand-  
some couple they made! were paying their re-  
spects to the host and hostess. Then Florian  
was introduced to a dozen pretty girls, but he  
could scarcely assume his accustomed air of  
graceful devotion, which he wore when in the  
presence of pretty women, his thoughts were so  
bent in another direction.

"Is the count here?" he whispered, as soon as  
he could edge around to his cousin's side again.

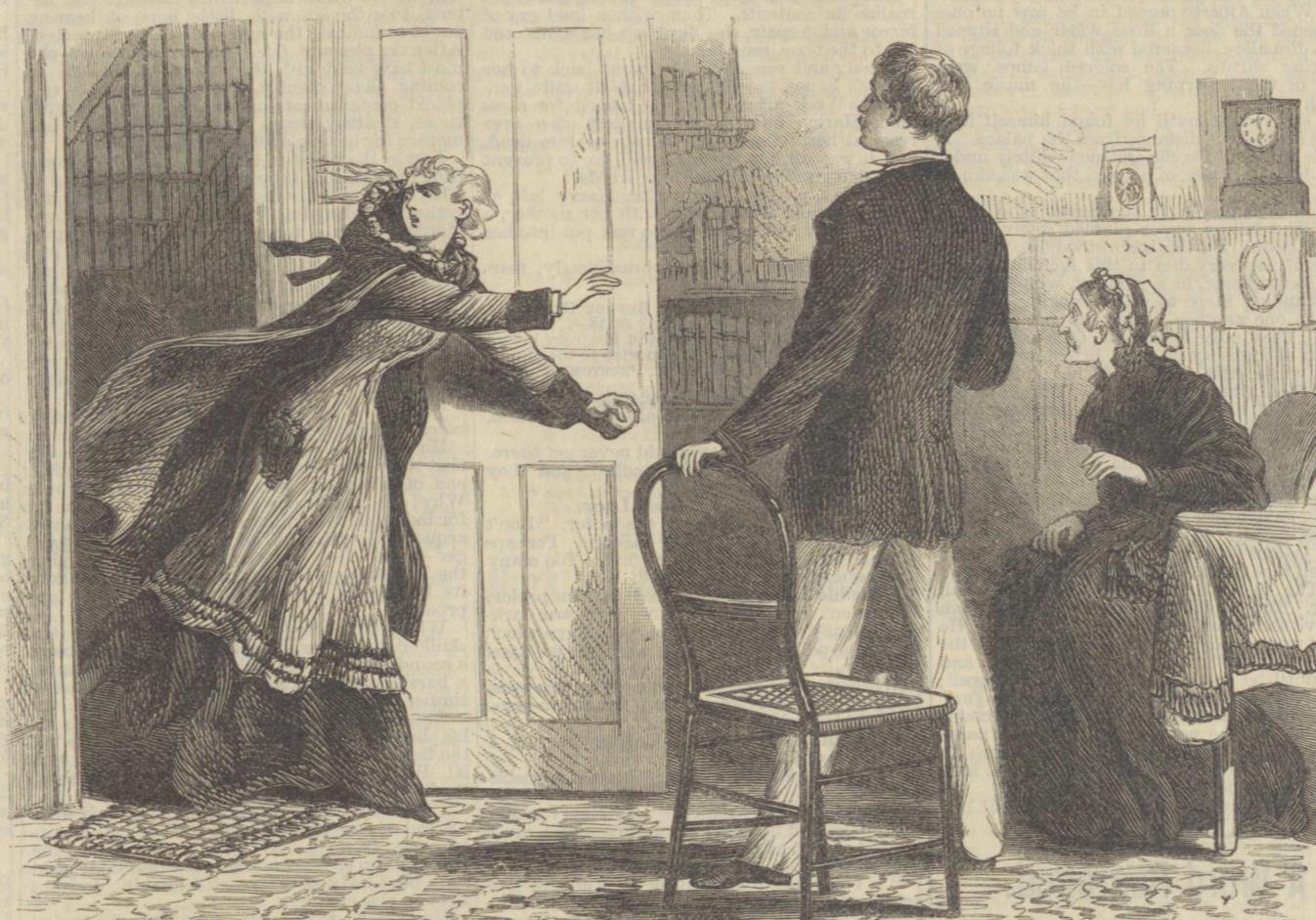
"He is just entering the room. There he is,  
speaking to our hostess."

"As soon as you can bring it about, I wish you  
would introduce me."

"I will bring it in mind."

Fenn's gaze continued riveted on the gentle-  
man who had just arrived, to whom all his new  
friends were anxious to show attention. He  
might have been the New York Count Cicarini's  
double. He was about the same age, or a year  
or two older; had the same grave, deep eyes,  
olive skin, black mustache and slender figure.

Yet there was also a great difference between  
the two men. Florian liked this one even less  
than the other.



"Alas, madame, I am no longer Miss Kanell. I was married three hours ago, and have run away from my husband."

fore. He said that the count had broken his  
word of honor."

"I am sorry, indeed, if she has rushed into  
marriage with a man capable of that."

"Hark! mother. The bell rung, and now  
some one is coming up here to us. Perhaps Mr.  
Kanell wants me."

Philip started to his feet as he spoke. The  
next moment, a quick, low, nervous knock  
sounded on the door. Mrs. Kanell opened it,  
and there stood a shivering female figure, wrapped  
in a blue waterproof cloak and hood, whitened  
with the great flakes of moist snow which clung  
to it.

Come in. Who is it?"

The unknown visitor stepped in, closing the  
door quickly, with a backward glance over her  
shoulder, as if she feared a unexpected pursuit,  
and turned the key in the lock.

Then she threw off her cloak, betraying the  
slim figure, the pretty brown head, the great  
blue eyes of Miss Kanell.

Kitty's face was white as the snow outside,  
her hair fell down about it in damp, ruffled  
masses, her blue eyes glittered with strange, fe-  
verish excitement.

Philip made no sound, standing staring at her  
as if a specter had arisen out of the floor to con-  
front him.

Mrs. Armory, in extreme surprise, stood  
speechless.

"May I stay here to-night?" gasped Kitty, af-  
ter a minute. "Oh, you must not refuse me,  
Mrs. Armory. This was the only place I could  
think of where I would not be looked for, yet  
where I would quite safe and protected."

"What has happened, Miss Kanell, that you  
come here?"

"Alas, madame, I am no longer Miss Kanell.  
I was married three hours ago, and I have run  
away from my husband."

Mrs. Armory looked her wonder at the panting  
fugitive.

"Of course you think it strange," ran on Kit-  
ty, wildly. "It is strange—stranger to me  
than anybody else! I am a willful, wicked girl,  
I expect; and am punished for it already. It is  
my fate to run away," she added, bursting into  
hysterical laughter. "I had no sooner run  
away from the convent to get married than I  
ran away from the one I ran away with! Yet  
I am not crazy, Mrs. Armory! I am in my so-  
ber sense now—whatever I was before—and I  
tell you I would not have that man find me, to-  
night, for all the money my mother left me. If  
she should have been on the track, if he comes  
here for me—you must hide me from him.  
Promise me that you will hide me, if he comes  
for me," she pleaded, catching Mrs. Armory's  
hands and looking piteously into her face.

"Yes, yes, my poor child. Calm yourself.  
But why do you not go home to your father?  
He is your proper protector."

"I was afraid to go to papa. He is so dread-  
fully angry at me, you see. And then, that will  
be the first place where the count will look for  
me. He has the right to demand of papa to give  
me up. I am his wife. He will never, never  
let me go if he once gets hold of me; since it is  
my money he is after. Papa will say to me—  
'You married him against my advice—go with  
him—go with him—I wash my hands of you.  
Ah, let me stay here!' A blast of wind rattled  
at shutters and door, causing Kitty to give a  
low cry and cling to Mrs. Armory.

"You are nervous, my dear child. Compose  
yourself. You will remain with me as long as  
you wish, and I will do all I can for your safety  
and comfort. Sit down here and let me make  
you a cup of tea."

"If you please," shivered Kitty, as her host  
ess drew her toward a comfortable rocking-  
chair.

Then, for the first time, as Mrs. Armory went  
about setting the tea to draw on the little stove  
which warmed the room, Kitty, settling back  
in the chair and glancing about, met the gaze of  
Philip Armory which had never left her  
face.

She blushed scarlet.

"I had forgotten about you," she said sim-  
ply.

"Ay!" thought Philip, drearily, "I am no  
more to her than the floor beneath her feet."

Perhaps this consciousness angered him. He  
said to her, sternly:

"How dare you promise, before God, to love  
and obey me? She is to be my wife, and I  
will be the master of her life."

"She never spoke to me but three times. I  
knew, all the time, that I was mad—insane! I  
could not help it. You might as well have ad-  
vised the sun not to shine as me not to love her.  
Do you remember the day she came here with the  
ghost of the peach? You were ill—it was  
last July—and she happened to hear me telling  
her father about it, and came with the fruit  
that afternoon. I had come home early to take  
care of you. How shy and sweet and timid she  
was about it! I made her blush I looked at her  
ghost of a chance—there is not a man on earth  
should have gotten her away from me. What  
was the use? A poor clerk in her father's bank  
—no friends—no prospects. All I could do was  
to look for her from afar. I do not suppose she  
is any more than barely aware of my existence,  
since she has not been out of my thoughts one  
moment for years!"

"Philip, Philip! I am sorry for you."

"Oh, mother, she was so sweet! I would  
have died for one kiss given freely by her dear  
lips. There is no other girl in the world like  
Miss Kanell."

"My poor, foolish boy!"

"She never spoke to me but three times. I  
knew, all the time, that I was mad—insane! I  
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to look for her from afar. I do not suppose she  
is any more than barely aware of my existence,  
since she has not been out of my thoughts one  
moment for years!"

"Philip!" exclaimed his mother, "is this a  
time to judge of her actions? Let us wait."

"Thank you, madame," said Kitty, with a  
new, indescribable dignity which made her  
lovelier than ever to the man who worshipped  
her very shadow yet had dared to find bitter  
fault with her. "I will be able, I hope, by  
morning, to explain myself, partially, at least.  
I have been foolish—headstrong. I deserve pun-  
ishment. Perhaps your son's criticism on my  
conduct is none too severe. I shall be punished  
thoroughly—God knows that came soon enough!  
All my life I shall be punished for my folly.  
All my life—and I am only a very little more  
than sixteen."

It was the first time she had ever dreamed that  
Philip had lifted his eyes to his employer's beau-  
tiful daughter.

He had enough to endure, poor boy, without  
that trouble.

The Armorys had once been as rich as the  
Kanells; but the father's ship had gone down in  
the faithless seas of speculation—he had gone  
down with his fortune—committed suicide—and  
left his delicate wife and young son to do the  
best left to them after such a disaster.

Mrs. Armory sat silent and distressed for some  
little time. Then she made an effort to arouse  
Philip from his fit of despair.

"Why should Miss Kanell have run away to  
marry the count? Are there objections to his  
character? Did not her father approve?"

"I know none of the particulars. I was in  
the library speaking with him on business when  
the Sister came in hurriedly, and, in their agita-  
tion, they discussed the matter openly. I know  
Mr. Kanell was very angry, for he swore a  
great oath—a thing I never heard him do be-

fore. He said that the count had broken his  
word of honor."

## CHAPTER IX.

THE GARDEN TRAGEDY.

There comes a black gondola slowly  
To the palace in festival there:  
And the Count Rinaldo Rinaldi  
Has mounted the black marble stair.

\* \* \* \* \*

There rustles a robe of white satin;  
There's a footstep that falls light by the stair:  
There's a gleaming of soft golden hair,  
And the lady, frenzied Riccasoli,  
Stands by the cypress tree there.

—OWEN MEREDITH.

COUNT CARLO CICARINI was one of the gayest young nobles in the dreamy and moldering "city of the sea," that gazes forever, like Narcissus, pensively at her own loveliness, mirrored in the mysterious water. It is still a city of passionate hearts, warm pulses, and strange romance. Not a foot of its faintly-glimmering canal, but is thickly strewed with records of love and crime.

Count Cicarini was a bachelor, rich, light-hearted and happy—that is, he would have been happy if one episode of his gay life had not chilled and clouded those festive hours which followed after; but who still enjoyed keeping house, as unmarried men do who set up their own establishment. He rented, for a ridiculously low sum, nearly the whole of a gloomy old palace looking down on the Grand Canal. He brightened up some of the rooms with modern pictures, quaint china, and costly rugs. He chose one of the great apartments for a dining-room, adorning it with marvelous old tapestries, and here, in the company of lonely scholars and music, he delighted to entertain other gentlemen of similar tastes; now was he exclusive in the choice of his guests. Artists were always his friends, particularly American artists; he loved their wit and originality. He would have a duke on one side of him whose title had come down from the twelfth century—or the other, a promising young poet, or a gifted painter.

The count was a great favorite with the grand ladies of Venice. No *fête* was complete if without accident kept Cicarini away. He was gay, but was *not* dissipated; certainly, not dissolute. The death of his parents had given him full liberty at an early age; yet, though extravagant, he was not a spendthrift.

Ever since he had come into the control of his property he had kept by him a young man of about his own age as his business agent. It would be difficult to exactly define Alberto's duties and position. When his employer travelled he acted as courier; he was *not* a valet, his duties were not menial, yet, in case of necessity, he would do anything that offered. He kept the accounts, managed the income, warned his master when he was going beyond it, was a friend and companion when they were alone, but never presumed beyond a son's dependence when others were present. Care confided all his affairs to him, both of the head and heart, consulted him about his list of guests and the *menu* for a supper, and poured into his discreet ear matters more delicate. Brothers could not have been more confidential than the count and his agent.

It came about, at last, after three or four years of pleasant trifling, dividing his time between Venice and some other cities, including Paris, that Count Cicarini fell desperately in love. His passion was a most unfortunate one, and to aid him in overcoming it, Alberto advised him to take a long tour. The count retorted, peevishly, that he was weary of traveling and had seen everything.

"But you have not been across the Atlantic. Why not go to the United States? That might amuse you, my lord."

And, after several weeks of persuasion, the young nobleman began to make preparations for a visit to that wild, foreign country—"the United States, in the city of New York," where so many talented artists came from; that is, he left Alberto to make the preparations, while he remained plunged in a gloom so deep and unyielding that Alberto really feared that something desperate might occur if he did not speedily go away.

It will not surprise those who know how such things are managed in Italy to be told that the lady with whom Carlo was so madly infatuated was married. She was very young, very beautiful, and forced, by her family, into a political marriage with a duke fifty years of age, actively engaged in affairs of state.

Nor was Carlo so much to blame for falling in love with the duchess, since she had first allowed him to see that she was deeply interested in him. Yet he struggled manfully against the current, but was bearing him to destruction. Feeling that such a woman would make him utterly wretched, he yet consented to leave the place which had such a terrible charm for him, placing himself under Alberto's guidance. Firmly resolved to protect his own integrity and that of the unhappy girl who had been made the victim of family ambition, he even urged his agent to hasten his preparations for quitting Venice.

The letters of introduction we have previously referred to had been obtained, letters of credit ready made, passports prepared, baggage packed, and farewells spoken to many friends, when the count received a ticket of invitation to a ball and garden *fête* to be given by the duke the evening previous to Carlo's departure. His very soul was shaken by the temptation to accept the invitation, and thus have the wretched pleasure of again seeing and speaking to the duchess.

In vain Alberto pointed out to him the folly of yielding to this wish, begging him to remain at home not incur the shock to his own peace, of again meeting the woman he hopelessly adored.

For once Carlo was obstinate, violent, would not heed to reason. He seemed to live only in a dream until the hour arrived when he dressed to go to the duke's ball, he became feverishly gray, and set out, in his confusion, in such extravagant spirits that Alberto felt very uneasy. He grew more and more restless as the hours passed. He was afraid his master would be guilty of some indiscretion which would draw down upon him the suspicion or the vengeance of the duke.

And now a few words about Alberto before we go on with the history of the night's adventures. His mother had been a handsome peasant who brought fruit to the Venetian markets; she was too ignorant even to know how to read; but her son evinced a spirit and ambition quite out of keeping with his humble condition. The elder Count Cicarini had noted his brightness and taken upon himself the expense of the boy's education, whom he had placed with the monks, with an idea, probably, of having him choose the priesthood. At his patron's death Alberto had appealed to the young count to take him into his employment, saying that he detected the idea of becoming a priest. Carlo took a fancy to the young fellow, and granted his prayer. Some close observers, of suspicious temper, had remarked a strong likeness between man and man, hinting that this accounted for the late count's interest in the poor boy; but Carlo had never heard these hints, nor had the idea they obscurely expressed ever come into his mind.

He had noticed, himself, that Alberto resembled him. Both were of slender, elegant build, dark-haired and dark-eyed. If Alberto knew to a certainty, anything peculiar about his origin, he kept his knowledge to himself. In the monastery he had not only been taught many languages but he had picked up some accomplishments—could sing exquisitely in a pure tenor voice, and play the piano.

That evening, after his master had foolishly yielded to the temptation to gaze into the dark eyes of Lucia, the duchess, Alberto felt a presentiment that evil would come of it. He was impelled by some inward power to go after the count, whose gondola not returning, Alberto went out and signaled another boat.

The dark water of the Grand Canal was jeweled with fitful starlight as the gondolier pulled his boat easily along the path to the duke's palace.

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He had noticed, himself, that Alberto resembled him. Both were of slender, elegant build, dark-haired and dark-eyed. If Alberto knew to a certainty, anything peculiar about his origin, he kept his knowledge to himself. In the monastery he had not only been taught many languages but he had picked up some accomplishments—could sing exquisitely in a pure tenor voice, and play the piano.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

"THE FLOWER OF LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING."

There is a crowd collected round the farmhouse of Abergann. Not an excited or noisy one; instead, the people composing it are of staid demeanor, with that formal solemnity observable on the faces of those at a funeral.

And a funeral it is, or soon to be. For inside there is a chamber of death; a coffin with a corpse—that of her who, had she lived, would have been Jack Wingate's wife.

Mary Morgan has indeed fallen victim to the mad spite of a monster. Down went she into that swollen stream, which, ruthless and cruel as he who committed her to it, carried her off on its ingulfing tide—her form tossed to and fro, now sinking, now coming to the surface, and again going down. No one to save her—not an effort at rescue made by the cowardly Freshman; who, rushing on to the cliff's edge, has stopped—only to gaze affrighted at the flood surging below, foam crested, only to listen to her agonized cry, further off and more feebly put forth, as she was borne onward to her doom.

Once again he heard it, in that tone which tells of life's last struggle with death—proclaiming death the conqueror. Then all was over. As he stood horror-stricken, half-wondered, a cloud suddenly curtailed the moon, bringing black darkness upon the earth, as if a pall had been thrown over it. Even the white froth on the water was for the while invisible. He could see nothing—notting bear, save the hoarse, harsh torrent rolling relentlessly on. Of no avail, then, his hurrying back to the house, and raising the alarm. Too late it was to save Mary Morgan from drowning; and, only by the accident of her body being thrown up against a bank, was it that might recovered.

It is the third day after, and the funeral about to take place. Through remote the situation of the house, and hence remote the district immediately around the assembly is a large one. This partly from the unusual circumstances of the girl's death, but as much from the respect in which Evan Morgan is held by his neighbors, far and near. They are there in their best attire, men and women alike, Protestants, as Catholics, to show a sympathy, which in truth many of them sincerely feel.

Nor is there among the people assembled any conjecturing about the cause of the fatal occurrence. No him or suspicion that there has been foul play. How could there? So clearly an accident, as pronounced by the coroner at his inquiry held after the drowning—brief and purely *pro forma*.

Mrs. Morgan herself told of her daughter sent on that errand from which she never returned; while the priest, eye-witness, stated the reason why. Taken together, this was enough though for the confirmation of his suspicion, and brought back on the following day. Even had Wingate rowed back up the river during daylight, he would not have seen it again. The farm laborers and others, accustomed to cross by it, gave testimony as to its having been lost.

But of all whose evidence was called for, one alone could have put a different construction on the tale. Father Rogier could have done this; but did not, having his reasons for withholding the truth. He is now in possession of a secret that will make Richard Dempsey his slave for life—his instrument, willing or unwilling, for such purpose as he may need him, no matter what its iniquity.

The hour of interment has been fixed for twelve o'clock. It is now a little after eleven, and everybody has arrived at the house. The men stand outside in groups, some in the little flower-garden in front; others, stretching into the farm-yard to have a look at the fattening pigs, or about the pastures to view the white-faced Herefords and "Ryeeland" sheep; of which last Evan Morgan is a noted breeder.

Inside the house are the women—some relatives of the deceased, with the farmer's friends and more familiar acquaintances. All admitted to the chamber of death to take a last look at the dead. The corpse is in the coffin, but with lid not yet screwed on. There lies the corpse in its white drapery, still untouched by "decay's effacing fingers" beautiful as living bride, though now a bride for the altar of eternity.

The stream passes in and out; but besides those only curious coming and going, there are some who remain in the room. Mrs. Morgan herself sits beside the coffin, at intervals giving way to wildest grief; a cluster of women around vainly essaying to comfort her.

There is one man seated in the corner, who seems to need consoling almost as much as she. Every now and then his breast heaves in audible sobbing as though the heart within were about to break. None wonder at this; for it is Jack Wingate.

Still, there are those who think it strange his being there—above all, as if made welcome. They know not the remarkable change that has taken place in the feelings of Mrs. Morgan. Beside that bed of death all who were dear to her daughter, were dear to her now. And she is aware that the young waterman was so. For he has told her, with tearful eyes and sad, earnest words, whose truthfulness could not be doubted.

But where is the other, the false one? Not there—never has been since the fatal occurrence. Came not to the inquest, came not to inquire or console; comes not now to show sympathy, or take part in the ritual of sepulture?

There is one who makes remark about his absence, though none lament it—not even Mrs. Morgan herself. The thought of the bereaved mother is that he would have ill-befitted being her son. Only a fleeting reflection, her whole soul being engrossed in grief for her lost daughter.

The hour for closing the coffin has come. They but await the priest to say some solemn words. He has not yet arrived, though every instant looked for. A personage so important has many duties to perform, and may be detained by them elsewhere.

For all, he does not fail. While inside the death chamber they are conjecturing the cause of his delay, a buzz outside, with a shuffling of feet in the passage, tells of a way being made for him.

Presently he enters the room, and stepping up to the coffin stands beside it, silent. He turned toward his host eyes are on the face of the corpulent first with the usual look of official gravity and feigned grief. But continuing to gaze upon it, a strange expression comes over his features, as though he saw something that surprised, or unusually interested him. It affects him even to giving a start; so light, however, that no one sees to observe it. Whatever the emotion he conceals it; and in calm voice pronounces the prayer, with all its formalities and gestures.

The lid is laid on, covering the form of Mary Morgan—forever veiling her face from the world. Then the pall is thrown over, and all carried outside.

There is no hearse, no plumes, nor paid pall-bearers. Affection supplies the place of this heartless luxury to the tomb. On the shoulders of four men the coffin is borne away, the crowd forming into procession as it passes, and following.

On to the Rugg's Ferry chapel—into its cemetery, un consecrated. There lowered into a grave already prepared to receive it; and, after the usual ceremonial of the Roman Catholic religion, covered up, and buried over.

Then the mourners scatter off for their homes, singly or in groups, leaving the remains of Mary Morgan in their last resting-place, only her near relatives with thought of ever again returning to stand over them.

There is one exception, this is a man not related to her, but who would have been had she lived. Wingate goes away with the intention ere long to return. The chapel burying-ground brinks upon the river, and when the shades of night have descended over it, he brings his boat alongside. Then, fixing her to the bank, he steps out, and proceeds in the direction of the new-made grave. All this cautiously, and with circumspection, as if fearing to be seen. The darkness favoring him, he is not.

Reaching the sacred spot he kneels down, and with a knife, taken from his pockets, scoops out a little cavity in the lately laid turf. Into this he inserts a plant, which he has brought along with him—one of a common kind, but emblematic of no ordinary feeling. It is known to country people as "The Flower of Love-lies-Bleeding" (*Amaranthus caudatus*).

Closing the earth around its roots, and restoring the sods, he bends lower, till his lips are in contact with the grass upon the grave. One near enough might hear convulsive sobbing, accompanied by the words:

"Mary, darling! you're wi' the angels now; and I know you'll forgive me, if I've done ought to bring about this dreadful thing. Oh, dear, dear Mary! I'd be, only too glad to be lyin' in the same above wi' ye. As God's my witness I will."

For a time he is silent, giving way to his grief—so wild as to seem unbearable. And just for an instant he himself thinks it so, as he kneels with the knife still open in his hand, his eyes fixed upon it. A plunge with that shining blade with point to his heart, and all his misery would be over.

"My mother—my poor mother—no!"

These few words, with the filial thought conveyed, save him from suicide. Soon as repeating them, he shuns to his knife, rises to his feet, and returning to the boat again rows himself home—but never with so heavy a heart.

CHAPTER XXV.

A FRENCH FEMME DE CHAMBRE.

Of all who assisted at the ceremony of Mary Morgan's funeral no one seemed so impatient for its termination as the priest. In his official capacity he did all he could to hasten it; soon as it was over, he hurried away from the grave, and into his own house,

Such haste would have appeared strange—even indecent—but for the belief of his having some sacerdotal duty that called him elsewhere; a belief strengthened by their shortly after seeing him start off in the direction of the Ferry boat.

Arriving there, the Charon attendant rows him across the river; and, soon as setting foot on the opposite side, he turns face down-stream, taking a path that meanders through fields and meadows. Along this he goes rapidly as his legs can carry him—in a walk. Clerical dignity hinders him from proceeding at a run, though judging by the expression of his countenance he is inclined to it.

The route he is on would conduct to Llangoren Court—several miles distant, and thither he is bound; though he has not told himself his destination. He does not visit, nor would it serve him to show his face there—least of all to Gwen Wynn. She might not be so rude as to use her riding-whip on him, as she once felt inclined in the hunting-field; but she would certainly be surprised to see him at her home.

Yet it is one within her house he wishes to see, and is now on the way for it, pretty sure of being able to accomplish his object. True to her fashionable instincts and *toilette* necessities, Miss Linton keeps a French maid, and it is with this maid Father Rogier designs having an interview. He is thoroughly *en rapport* with the *femme de chambre* and through her kept advised of everything which transpires at the Court, or all he deems it worth while to be advised about.

His confidence that he will not have his long walk for nothing rests on certain matters of arrangement. With the foreign domestic he is acquainted in an established service, by which he can communicate—with almost a certainty of natural ability to see her. Not inside the house, but at a place near enough to be convenient. Rare the park in Herefordshire through which there is not a right-of-way path and one runs across that of Llangoren. Not through the ornamental grounds, nor at all close to the mansion—as is frequently the case, to the great chagrin of the owner—but several hundred yards distant. It passes from the river's bank to the county road, all the way through trees, that screen it from the house. There is a point, however, where it approaches the edge of the wood, and there one traversing it might be seen from the upper windows. But only for an instant, unless the party so passing should choose to make stop in the place exposed.

It is a throning fair, not much frequented, thought to be. Father Rogier, as am I one else, and now hastening along it, he arrives at that spot where the break in the timber brings the house in view. Here he makes a halt, still keeping under the trees; to a branch of one of them on the side toward the Court attaching a piece of white paper he has taken out of his pocket. This done with due caution, and care that he be not observed in the act, he draws back to the path, and sits down upon a stile close by—to await the upshot of his telegraphy.

His haste hitherto explained by the fact, only at certain times are his signals likely to be seen, or could they be attended to. One of the surest and safest is during the early afternoon hours, just after luncheon, when the ancient toast of Cheltenham takes her accustomed *siesta*—before dressing herself for the drive, or reception of callers. While the mistress sleeps the maid is free to dispose of her as she pleases.

The maid comes to this interval of leisure Father Rogier has been hurrying; and that he has succeeded is soon known to him, by his seeing a form with floating drapery, recognizable as that of the *femme de chambre*. Gliding through the shrubbery, and evidently with an eye to escape observation, she is only visible at intervals; as she enters among the thick standing trees. But he knows she will turn up again.

And she does, after a short time; coming along the path toward the stile where he is seated.

"Ah! ma bonne!" he exclaims, dropping on his feet, and moving forward to meet her.

"You've been prompt! I didn't expect you quite so soon. Madame la Chatelaine oblivious,

I apprehend; in the midst of her afternoon nap?"

"Yes, Pere; she was when I stole off. But she has given no directions about dressing her, to get out for a drive—earlier than usual. So I must get back immediately."

"I'm not going to detain you very long. I chanced to be passing, and thought I might as well have a word with you—seeing it's the hour when you're off duty. By the way, I hear you're about to have grand doings at the Court—a ball, and what not?"

"Oui, m'ssieur; oui."

"When is it to be?"

"On Thursday. Mademoiselle celebrates son jour de naissance—the twenty-first, marking her of age. It is to be a grand *fête* as you say. They've been all last week preparing for it."

"Among the invited Le Capitaine Ryecroft, I presume?"

"Oh, yes. I saw madame write the note inviting him—indeed took it myself down to the hall table for the post-boy."

"He visits often at the Court of late?"

"Very often—once a week, sometimes twice."

"And comes down the river by boat; doesn't he?"

"In a boat. Yes—comes and goes that way."

Her statement is reliable, as Father Rogier has reason to believe—having an inkling of suspicion that the damsel has of late been casting sheep's eyes, not at Captain Ryecroft, but his young boatman, and is as much interested in the movements of the Mary as either the boat's owner or charterer.

"Always comes by water, and returns by it," observes the priest, as if speaking to himself.

"You're quite sure of that, *ma fille*?"

"Mademoiselle appears to be very partial to him. I think you told me she often accompanies him down to the boat-stair, at his departure."

"Often! always."

"Always?"

"Toujours! I never knew it otherwise. Either the boat-stair, or the pavilion."

"Ah! the summer-house! They hold their *tete-a-tete* there at times; do they?"

"Yes; they do."

"But not when he leaves at a late hour—as, for instance, when he dines at the Court; which I know he has done several times!"

"Oh, yes; even then. Only last week he was there for dinner; and ma'melle Gwen went with him to his boat, or the pavilion—to bid adieu. No matter what the time to her. *Ma foi!* I'd risk my word she'll do the same after this grand ball that he's to. And why shouldn't she, Pere Rogier? Is there any harm in it?"

The question is put with a view of justifying her own conduct, that would be somewhat similar were Jack Wingate to encourage it, which, to say truth, he never has.

"Oh, I haven't. Who, Pere?"

Her question may appear strange, Rugg's Ferry being so near Llangoren Court and Abergann still nearer. But for reasons already stated, as others, the ignorance of the Frenchwoman, as to what has occurred at the farm-house, is not intelligible, but natural enough.

Equally natural though in a sense very different, is the look of satisfaction appearing in her eyes, as the question in answer gives the name of "Marie, la fille de fermier Morgan."

The expression that comes over her face is, under the circumstances, terribly repulsive, being almost that of joy! For not only has she seen Mary Morgan at the chapel, but something besides—heard her name coupled with that of the waterman Wingate.

In the midst of her strong, sinful emotion, of which the priest is fully cognizant, he finds it a good opportunity for taking leave. Going back to the tree where the bit of signal paper has been left, he plucks it off, and crumples it into his pocket. Then, returning to the path, shakes hands with her, says "*Bon jour!*" and departs.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 449.)

FALL-TIME.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

Among the woods the phantoms hold  
Stand like sentinels of Time;  
The hazy river past the mill  
Ripples low in a dreamy rhyme.

The flight of time hath brought again  
The holy Sabbath of the year.  
While o'er mountain, moor and fen,  
The leaves are draping Summer's bier.

Work for Women at Home.

If any man has not already learned the delightful fact that New York is remarkable among the capitals of the world for the beauty of its women, let him take a walk up the Fifth avenue on one of our brisk and clear autumn afternoons, and, so far as civility permits, observe the fair pedestrians on the way. The day being fine, he will be wise to prolong his stroll by entering the Park, which is now in its full glory; and turning his eyes from the contemplation of cultivated nature, he will see, on the thronged drives, in the resounding bridle-paths, and in the footpaths frequented by our citizens of modest means, a continuous stream of feminine grace and loveliness.

Just at this season the fair daughters of ease and wealth are looking their best; for they are lately back from the woods and waters of the country, and their complexions are ennobled by the tints which only the fresh air of the hills and the seaside and the rich blood of vigorous health can paint on them. But our women nowadays, both rich and poor, are in a much better physical condition than formerly; for, on the average, they live more sensibly and dress more comfortably. Of course we must not include those who are exhausted by fashionable dissipation the year round at Newport, Saratoga, and Lenox, as well as in New York, and who are always tired, bored, or languid; nor those other grieved overworked women who must toil early and late to keep body and soul together.

One class of employments for women, whether of work or of pleasure, has also greatly varied and increased, and they are better in mind and body for the enlargement. During the summer the girls at the country resorts have been kept in the open air on the days when the temperature has permitted active exercise, and they have not failed to benefit by the employment.

The autumn weather, too, invites those who have returned to town and those who yet are in the country to engage in healthful sports and other invigorating occupations. Horseback riding, the most exhilarating form of exercise, grows more and more fashionable for women, and both in the Park and on the country roads many good riders may now be encountered.

The greater demand for saddle-horses will of course increase the supply; but at present it is hard to get a thoroughly satisfactory one. It is easier, as every horsekeeper knows, to fill a stable with almost wild driving horses than to find a single well-trained saddle-horse for a lady. A boy who has invented a story to save himself from a scrape, and is found out, is generally made to feel in some tangible way that he has been guilty of a gross blunder, if not of a crime.

He becomes conscious that his conduct has gained him nothing but a punishment and the scorn of the community. With girls the matter is somewhat different; some form of punishment may be inflicted, but the sense of having done a shameful thing is less frequently and less strongly inculcated. A girl who has been detected in a falsehood may be teased on the subject by her companions, but she will not be humiliated and despised. Thus she is very likely to learn early in life the great maxim that it is not crime but detection that one ought to avoid.

Among the certain class of grown-up women there is little more chance to be untrue than among girls, and this is the best way to guarantee women that they are as other women are, and that whatever they say is trustworthy, and they therefore affect an irritating sharpness of manner and an uncomfortable habit of saying the most disagreeable things they can. In order to avoid flattery, they overwhelm one with bitter criticism. Perhaps they are, however, more tolerable, insomuch as they at least act from principle, than the women of the world who are accomplished in the art



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OR,

The Masked Knight of the White Plume.

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BY A. P. MORRIS,

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### Sunshine Papers.

#### The Why It Is So.

From the weekly perusal of the answers given to correspondents, not alone in the SATURDAY JOURNAL but in other papers, I have noticed that a very large proportion of the inquiries sent by young ladies relate in some manner to their personal appearance. "How can I obtain a clear complexion?" "What shall I do to increase my weight?" "How can I beautify my arms?" "Is there a cure for moth-patches?" "Please tell me what will remove black-heads from my skin and make it smooth and fine?" "How can I acquire gracefulness of motion?" "I would like to know of a remedy for red hands and a red nose?" "Is there any way of getting rid of a sallow complexion and dark circles under the eyes?" "Can you tell me how to gain flesh and develop my figure?" "Is there any hope of a homely, sickly girl ever getting to be pretty and healthy?" These are the kind of questions that "Mr. Editor" is called upon to answer, week after week, until the marvel is that his stock of patience is not utterly exhausted by the constant demands made upon it by the frivolous female sex.

It would seem that, were he not a married man, he must certainly become disgusted with

womankind; or rather—marriage not always having the effect of brightening the male victim's admiration for femininity!—if he were not married, that he would certainly never enter the state of wedlock after obtaining such an insight into the foibles of the fair candidates for matrimonial propositions. But our "Mr. Editor" is too much of a philosopher to be thus affected by the apparent frivolity and weakness of young womanhood; since for these faults the male sex is to a great degree responsible. The very discriminating man, however much he may desire to deify his own sex, and find reason for contemning their fairer sisterhood, cannot fail to discover that this feminine betrayal of vanity and excessive anxiety concerning personal appearance is but an effect that may be traced back for one of its causes to man's susceptibility to the charm of woman's physical attractions. Deny it all defenders of lordly manhood who may, the fact remains proven by famous instances in every age that very beautiful women have shaped as they willed the destinies of many a famous man, and, so, the destinies of nations. An English poet has said, truly:

"The devil fish best for souls of men  
When his hook is baited with a lovely limb;  
Love lights upon the heart, and straight we feel  
More worlds of wealth gleam in an upturned eye,  
Than in the rich heart of the miser sea.  
Beauty hath made out her greatest manhood weak."

From the day when Eve's invitation to her mate to partake of that anonyapple afforded Adam the opportunity to find excuse for sin by laying the blame upon "the woman"—a bit of meanness inherited by all his male descendants—man has been a slave to feminine influence; and, to his shame be it said, oftentimes a slave to her mere flesh and blood beauty, rather than to the brilliancy of her intellect or the sweet purity of her moral nature.

Again, this betrayal of extreme feminine interest in personal appearance is an outgrowth of the errors made by those who have the charge of young children. From veritable babyhood the female child is taught in a score of careless ways, by ill-timed compliments and unguarded expressions, how prominent a factor is the prettiness of her face in the petting, and admiration, and favoritism shown her.

As she advances into the successive stages of girlhood and young womanhood, she comes to know, perfectly, every physical advantage—of form, of coloring, of complexion, of trick of expression—that she possesses, and to use art and opportunity to intensify and display them. She considers it a tacit compliment to her appearance if ladies are chary of their praise of her; and she does not care that they fear her, and are jealous of her, if only gentlemen look after her on the street, gather about her at an evening entertainment, and make compliments and declarations to her. She realizes that every item of physical beauty is a power to her—a power that increases in proportion to the number and perfectness of her attractions, and in the excess of her self-satisfaction is very apt to lose sight of the fact that it is possible for an occasional man to become enraptured with a woman's wit and wisdom, her gentle manners, her proud and dignified grace, her lovable disposition, her charming home accomplishments, her splendid intellectual endowments, as well as with mere bright eyes and peary cheeks and sunny hair.

Not only do all girls have the opportunity to learn the power of feminine beauty from observation, and, perhaps, from some pleasant or cruel experience, but it seems to be a part of that subtle, untought, intuitive knowledge with which their sex is endowed. And the homely girls realize the fascination that gleams in a sparkling eye, or lies hidden under the coquettish droop of long lashes, or is tangled in a silken abundance of hair, or flutters in the pinky tints of a fair face, or allures with every graceful motion of a perfect physique, as well as the beauties themselves; and from despairing contrast, as they glance at their own thin, awkward figures, dull, dark-circled eyes, and rough, sallow skin, attach far too much importance to the power of beauty—imagining that no other power is so potent or so well worth the possessing. Knowing, too, how rarely men see a handsome woman without commenting upon her; to what enthusiasm a man is always moved by the sight of a splendid figure; that men who, by any strange combination of circumstances have married homely women, never hesitate to continually express their admiration of their wives' handsome friends; how their cousins, and brothers, and, frequently, their very escorts, are given to telling about such a girl's "lovely hair," and another's "beautiful arms," and this one's "perfect foot and ankle," and that one's "glorious complexion," etc., etc., it is strange that the homely girls become possessed of an almost morbid desire to improve their own appearance, if improvement is possible, deeming that so, alone, can they win some man's praise and regard? Is it strange that hearing their masculine friends so continually speaking of this and that young lady's prettiness, girls grow to believe that men think more of beauty than of any other quality in women, and reason—if they ever do reason, so that they arrive at the same conclusion in some other way—that to attain the chief end of the ordinary feminine existence—to be admired and to get a husband, they must do all in their power to beautify themselves physically?

#### A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

#### MORBIDNESS.

I THINK we form a great deal of our dispositions, and mold much of our characters from what we read, so that the scribe has much responsibility, and should ever strive to pen thoughts that will make us better and not worse. It is not my intention, in this article, to tell you what authors you should read, or what stories you should peruse; in fact, I'm not going to "hit" the story books or story papers, but just put in a word or two about some articles in newspapers.

Perhaps this may not be strictly called an essay so much as an incident in the life of a friend, and there are so many individuals suffering from her disease—morbidity—some one should have their "say" to cure the complaint, "What shall I do to increase my weight?" "How can I beautify my arms?" "Is there a cure for moth-patches?" "Please tell me what will remove black-heads from my skin and make it smooth and fine?" "How can I acquire gracefulness of motion?" "I would like to know of a remedy for red hands and a red nose?" "Is there any way of getting rid of a sallow complexion and dark circles under the eyes?" "Can you tell me how to gain flesh, in due time, the arrest of the murderer, his trial and sentence, his incarceration in jail until the time arrived for his execution."

My friend, at first, read the accounts carelessly; then took an "interest" in them; then the interest was transferred to the prisoner, whom she had never seen, and who was proven guilty, but whom she pitied and believed to be a martyr, or one unjustly accused. Every scrap of paper she came across, relating to the murder or the murderer, was devoured by her; she seemed to breakfast on murder,

dine on murderers, and "sup on horrors," until she became a sort of monomaniac on that subject. At last the week arrived that was to see the man expiate his crime, and my friend would count the days and nights until the last one came. The night before the execution she could not sleep, but paced the room all night, moaning and exclaiming—"How can I sleep when he is to be hung to-morrow? Yes, tomorrow's moon will shine upon another new-made grave." I believe she actually wished to be present at the execution, but that was not allowed.

After the last act was consummated, my friend read the undecided details; every word and act, too vividly described, was perused and re-perused until she was more fit to be the inmate of some lunatic asylum than to mix with rational human beings. She was incapable of doing anything useful; she flitted about like a ghost, a perfect victim to morbidity caused by reading the "dreadfuls" of the newspapers. The consequence was that she was laid prostrate on a sick-bed for weeks and weeks. The only panacea, as she grew better, was for us to fill her mind with all that was lively, cheerful, glesome and gladsome, and to banish from her thoughts anything of a morbid nature. Her recovery was slow, but we were gratified to have her back with us. She is now well in health and spirits, and I doubt if her old morbidity returns to her.

You may think she was too sensitive—that her constitution was not strong enough for excitement of this kind. I grant you that, but there are thousands constituted exactly as she was, and whom the influence of such reading would affect in the same manner. It is pity for these that we ask reporters to have pity; but if "the masses" are not to be deprived of their pleasures (?) in reading these soul-harrowing details, I would deem it an act of Christian charity if the friends of those who are inclined to morbidity would withhold the perusal of these papers from them.

The ghost stories that are often told to children serve to make them morbid, young as these children are. You, who are men and women grown, may laugh at such things, because you don't believe in them, but to the young they seem real and substantial. There are many mothers in this land who tell their children stories of the most blood-curdling nature, after they put them to bed, "just to keep them quiet." It does keep them quiet, for they are too frightened to move. Would it not be better to tell them of One whose All-seeing Eye watches, cares for and protects us through day and night? Rest would be sweeter, dreams would be pleasanter, and all would be made happier.

I think some reforms are needed, and this is one I clamor for. Parents, have I not your hand on this? Let us all strive to make others happier if we cannot make them better, but the happier they are the better they will become, is the belief of

EVE LAWLESS.

#### Foolscap Papers.

#### New Universal University.

I AM noted as a founder. I was founded in early youth and never got over it. It is my design to found a University on the broadest plan, which will do away with the old minds of students and fit them with new minds. Insane people will be taken in and will depart with one of the best intellects in the world, almost as good for all ordinary purposes as mine, and young students attending there, with no mind in their heads, will have the hollows of their heads upholstered with minds which will render them famous.

This is designed to be the most creditable institution in the land from the fact that it will be run entirely on credit, and I am deserving of a great deal more than I get.

Young men will be taught the science of the Presidency—hand-shaking in all its branches, diplomacy, civil service, speech-making, etc., and when they leave the institution will be presented with a diploma entitling them to a seat in the Presidential chair, in case the President is out and no one happens to be about.

One department will be devoted to the art of having a mother-in-law. This has never been successfully taught, and many men do not seem to possess it. Fifteen mothers-in-law, well qualified for the instruction, will conduct this department with eminent success, and every student who lives to graduate will be presented with a certificate of good behavior which will be worth a good deal to him in his search for a wife.

The lost art of telling a good egg from a bad one without tasting it, or putting it in your coat pocket and sitting down on it, will be especially taught.

The student will be instructed fully in correspondence; how to answer a request to remit in such a manner that the tailor will be glad you didn't send the money; how to write love-letters that will not be brought in as evidence in breach of promise suits; how to inform your wife's aunt that you will not be at home should she make her intended visit so that she will be glad to stay away; how to write a letter to the old man for some more stamps that will bring stamps of some kind without fail; how to decline a duel so that both of you will be elated that you didn't fight, etc.

Then there is the art of being rich; a special class in this department will be furnished with all the money they want to spend, have nothing else to do but be lazy, wear the best clothes, go everywhere they want to, snub their poor friends and relations and cut a big swell. The beauty of this system is that it will give them such a desire to really become rich that after they leave this university they will make the most strenuous efforts to be so. Patent ap-

plied for a secret of making a fortune in a day, and the cook in the basement knows all about it, she will be severely punished by being allowed only two cups of coffee at supper.

Politics of all kinds will be taught in a lump, and the various financial measures will be blended so that when a student leaves and goes into politics nobody will know whether he is a Republican, Democrat, Greenbacker, or a Yahoohoo, and of course he will have all the undivided support of all parties.

Young ladies will be taught the art of keeping a secret, and if a girl in the sixth story is given one to preserve, and the same evening the cook in the basement knows all about it, she will be severely punished by being allowed only two cups of coffee at supper.

The art of scientific rowing will be diligently taught, and every student will be expected to hoe his own row with precision, so that he will be able to go gayly down the stream of life in a shell boat, to the applause of those on shore, and always keep ahead.

Metaphysics will be spread over students thick, so that when they get into a discussion the present dictionary won't be able to reach ten feet, and your listener will jump over the fence and take across lots.

The science of Tending to other People's Business, being much in the decline of late, will be fully resurrected and taught. Two of my neighbors have been offered Professorships in this department, and if they accept I have no hesitancy of assuring students that it will be the most successful department in the university.

Students will be taught the art of making a living without work, a thing in which but few have succeeded of late. Having spent many industrious years of my life in the pursuit of this pleasing art I will personally supervise this department.

In the Health Department students will be taught just how long to lean over the gate to keep from taking cold; how many ice creams a young lady should take at one sitting; just how tightly a corset should be drawn before it impedes the circulation of sense—the reason why she can endure more cold in a thinly-clad ballroom on a winter night than when at home in flannels; why more than six meals a day is almost injurious to the health; why it is so dangerous to be hungry; why blowing into the muzzle of a gun is injurious to health, etc.

Young ladies will be taught the science of rightly determining how they look by looking at their shadow on the street, or by merely noticing the size of the squints of their lady friends whom they pass. The art of courtship will be made easy in a few practical lessons, two old maids who see now just how to do it, will give the necessary instructions.

The art of giving the people a better impression of you than you really deserve will be rigidly taught, and the science of Honesty will be a silent study—students will pass in file by the marble statue of the proprietor of this University and no extra remarks will be allowed.

Poetry will be a specialty; there is nothing like it when you fall in love or in a mud-puddle. It has the softness of both sexes, and a young man with a poem on spring or a young woman with a poem on Blighted Affections animates the editorial department of the known world. Poetry will live as long as there are poets, and some people will sing if they are struck with a club. I am sorry to observe that poetry, good common, is down to dollars a line now.

Everything that your neighbor or knows will be taught in this institution, and if you do not know more than your teacher, no questions or tuition will be asked.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Pro and Con-cessor.

#### Topics of the Time.

Doctor Schliemann has telegraphed from Ithaca to Athens: "We have made a great discovery. On the plateau which extends toward the western shore of the south-east part of the island we have found, in digging, ninety houses of cyclopean construction belonging to the Homeric city of Ithaca. In order to cross the greater methodical result of our excavations. The winter rains have washed into the sea all the ancient treasures. Nevertheless, the discovery of these ruins constitutes a valuable treasure for the island. All the lovers of antique souvenirs will hasten to visit the city of Homer."

Mr. Gladstone, visiting King William's College in the Isle of Man, the other day, made a speech in which he impressed strongly upon the boys the enormous importance of taking every advantage of the passing time, cautioning them not to let it slip through their hands, but to let every hour produce fruits of an enduring character. "Play earnestly," said he, "among yourselves, and let your work also be earnest." They all must be resolute and manly in whatever God has set them to do, as the principles of courage, duty, and perseverance were requisite for manhood.

Michigan University conferred 383 degrees during the past year. Students there are now allowed to graduate when they have taken a certain number of courses, the giving of which is free; the second, a place for the souls of unbaptized infants; the third, a fool's paradise—a receptacle for all sorts of nonsense. The word is derived from the Latin *ludus*, border, edge. You may be able to find several distinguished essayists; and many of considerable note; Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, J. G. Holland, Wm. H. Hunt, George Eliot, Mrs. H. H. Donisthorpe, Benjamin Franklin, Richard H. Dana, Henry D. Thoreau, Donald G. Mitchell, Margaret Fuller, Ossoli, Mrs. Dodge, etc.—The initials I. H. S. have assigned to them two significations: *Jesus dominum Salvator*; Jesus the Savior of men; and *in hoc salvi*. In this is salvation, the cross.

Mrs. LUCY NENNIGER: Washing lace-thread gloves is

## THE ROSE OF ALLAN.

BY HALCYON GRAY.

Thus runs the ancient prophecy:  
When on the field of battle dying,  
Earl Malcolm—all Allan's enemy—  
Saw fall his Allan's falling roses.  
The rose fit emblem of thy might,  
Shall find success in sudden blight!

He paused, and yet again he spoke:  
"One deed may save thy falling one,  
THE DOOM A MAIDEN MAY REVERSE  
BY GIVING UP HER LIFE FOR THINE!"  
These words, whose import none could trace,  
Form a tradition of the race.

II.

Sweet maid, from out thy lattice bower,  
O'er which the rose of Allan trailing  
Methinks I see thy falling one,  
That sees the rose-vine's shadow failing,  
And there be sign of sudden blight!  
Then falls the doom on Allan High!

Oh, lovely rose! ah, fair flower!  
Thy waking and thy waning glory  
Gifted with talismanic power  
Smell breathe my lady fair the story  
Of weal or woe, of loss or gain  
To him she waits, alas! in vain.

In vain! for in some land afar,  
The fair heir of Allan's name  
Seeks to retrieve her lost estate  
And win himself a fitting fame  
Ere he returns to claim the maid  
Who guards the rose-vine's restless shade.

III.

Thunder and lightning, wind and rain  
In awful power, and mighty power,  
Wreak their wild vengeance and amain  
Hurt frightful blasts at Allan Tower \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* Woe and alas! the tempest spent,  
Shows the doomed rose uprooted—rent.

But sadder than the rose's blight,  
The secret of the doom disclosures:  
Far, far below the dimm'd light  
On which dark Allan Tower reposes,  
In the dim chasm, vast and gray,  
The promised bride of Allan lay.

And lo! tight clasped upon her breast,  
One little hand in death incloses,  
(Dead Malcolm, was it thy behest?)  
A blooming branch of Allan roses \* \* \* \* \*  
It finds new life above her tomb,  
And thus revokes the Allan doom.

## At Last!

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A BREATHLESSLY close mid-August day, with a murky sky and everything damp and sticky. A genuine specimen of the "dog-days" when the barometer is discouragingly low and the thermometer disproportionately high; when people feel irritable and acid, ambitionless and exhausted, and life seems a burden almost too heavy and hot to carry.

Mabel Ostrand lifted a pale, patient face from a book she was reading in a dusky corner.

"Yes; what is this, Jennie? You are not feeling worse?"

Her cheery, prompt voice was in accord with her sweet, courageous face—just the face and the voice that were needed in that quiet, gloomy ward of St. Sulpice's Hospital, where Mabel Ostrand was fulfilling her destiny, and laying up treasures above by her devotion, and patience, and charity, and self-sacrifice.

Little Jessie Wraith turned her poor thin arms outside the coarse, clean coverlet.

"Oh, I'm no worse, Miss Ostrand, but it is so, so hot lying here! If there was only a breath of fresh air!"

Mabel laid her book quietly aside, and took up her position at the head of the narrow little cot, palm-leaf fan in hand.

"Try to sleep, child," she said kindly. "And I think in an hour or so we will have a shower, and then how refreshed we will all feel."

And the nervous little invalid felt the comforting calm in Miss Ostrand's quiet words, and smiled feebly back in the sweet, patient eyes, and went to sleep, listening to the gentle swish of the fan as it made cool currents on her little hot cheeks.

While Mabel sat there, unconsciously falling into one of her reveries, in which there came such sweet, tender memories of other days—years and years ago, when life had opened such exciting doors for her destiny, and laying up treasures above by her devotion, and patience, and charity, and self-sacrifice.

And all because of Hugh Allaire, whom she had loved so dearly, who had been her betrothed husband, and then, one day, when some little difference had arisen between them—oh, such a trivial, foolish difference those succeeding bitter years had shown her it was!—there had come a breach between them, and then—

She had not seen him for years and years, and she had taken the position in the hospital because to her way of thinking it was far nobler and better to be of such practical use than to earn an equal amount of money in making up fancy articles, or selling goods behind a counter. She had not been unhappy after the first agony had worn off, because people cannot be, who perform bravely and faithfully the duty that lies at their hand, but there never had been a day when she had not thought of Hugh Allaire, and what a glorious perfection her life would have been if only she had kept their tempers, and more restrained pride and coldness to enter their thin end of the tremendous wedge that separated them so widely.

Somewhere, sitting over little Jessie Wraith's bedside, that oppressive August afternoon, Mabel's heart went out into more eager, earnest longings for the dead-and-buried days of yore, that, for all they had so long been dead and buried, were never to be forgotten. Somehow there kept crowding into her mind and memory that mysterious, subtle, half-pleasurable, half-painful experience so many, many women could bear attest to—that exquisite sensation, made up of sweetness and bitterness, aroused by a fragment of a song we hear sung, that we once heard sung when youth and hope and love was with us—awakened by a fragrance that calls up a thousand memories of very happy days.

This hot, depressing afternoon there was somebody else who was singing—singers—tolling away, nearly stopping in shaded spots that were scarcely less bearable than where the sun would have been falling in hot lances had the clouds not hung so low; an olive-faced, sad-eyed, barefooted Italian boy, sweeping his harp-strings with grimy fingers, but making a weird, sweet melody of chords to a gliding, caressing tune he sang in his beautiful liquid mother-tongue—the self-same tune, the same words that Mabel had listened to the very last time she and Hugh Allaire had spent a happy time together one glorious midsummer day, at Elfin Woods, where a joyous picnic party had laughed and danced and sung from morn till moonrise. And a wandering minstrel-boy had been hailed on his way, and he had played and sung this very tune.

It almost was more than Mabel could endure to listen as she sat there, fanning the child who smiled in her sleep. Then, the music ceased and Mabel arose softly and went for her relief as she slipped away to her little room, to fight down the painful longing that did not often thank God!—kill her like this!

An hour or so afterward she was her quiet, un-nervous self again.

"But I need a change—it is the dull, cheerless routine that is making me morbid. A day of fresh country air, of tramping through the dear old woods, will work wonders and help me to rest these morbid feelings."

And so, when she heard the rush and roar of rain in the night, and saw the purifying that the storm had done on the morrow, and felt the cool strong wind fresh from the north-west, she asked for the day off she so yearned for, and the

next morning found her treading the same sacred ground in Elfin Woods where she and Hugh Allaire had been so happy that last happy time.

It was a restful, quiet day that Mabel spent all alone by herself in the cool grand old woods, where all the long summer day there were only the soft sighing of the wind among the tree-tops, the rustle of a squirrel or a chipmunk up and down the tree-trunks, the twitter of birds, the drone of insects, and all sweet summer sounds.

And she went back to the dreary routine of duty strengthened and encouraged.

Miss Cecil Varland looked across the big handsome parlors of the Adrian House—straight at the fine figure and manly, strengthful face of the gentleman who stood in one of the open French windows, gazing out with a half-absorbed air that did not argue very complimentarily the host of pretty girls of whom Cecil Varland was one.

"He is an enigma, but he shall not puzzle me much longer," Miss Varland told herself as she arose from her chair and went across the long deserted room. And then her clear, pleasant tones half-startled him from the little reverie into which he had fallen at sight of the dear old familiar landscape that lay before him which he had not seen for years and years since before he had gone abroad. And he had not yet been at home a fortnight.

"Are you admiring the charming view, Mr. Allaire, or thinking of some pretty girl somewhere or other? Do you know you've been awfully unsociable lately?"

Hugh Allaire smiled at Cecil's girlish remarks, then a little look of gravity came across his face.

"I certainly deserve some severe punishment for daring to even appear unsocial where there are so many charming entertainers. And your premises were both correct—I was admiring Elfin Woods, and thinking of a dear friend with whom I have often passed my pleasant hours over yonder in the quiet, cool shadows."

Cecil puckered up her forehead in a little brown, half jealous indignation, half cold sarcasm.

"You don't mean Mabel Ostrand? I've heard sister Amy say you and she were—"

He cut her almost abruptly short.

"I do mean Miss Ostrand. She was the noblest woman I ever saw. And I would give half the rest of my life if I knew where to find her."

And when Miss Varland, a little later, saw her hero walking off in the direction of Elfin Woods, she made up her mind that she had read the enigma, but that the reading was of no available account to her.

While Hugh Allaire walked on and on, thinking of the days when he had thought himself blessed above all other men because Mabel Ostrand had given her love to him.

If he only knew where she was! If only he knew how she was—well or ill, married and forgetful of him or loyal and true and forgiving, as was he. If only he could learn of her some days of his misery he had suffered for him self.

The cry hurt him. How could he, the soul of honor, looking into the lovely eyes which met his so frankly, know that the story she uttered was false, that she had preferred wealth and a European tour to comparative poverty and a devoted man? He grieved for her as in all those days of his misery he had grieved for himself.

"This! my razor! dead! what are you doing here? Rouse the house! Send for Dr. Bennett at once!" and he hurried to his wife's room.

The house was burning daily. The sight he saw might well make a stronger bidder.

Lily lay with her ghastly face turned toward the door, her form straight and still, her glazed eyes open, one pale arm barred, a purple stream beside the pillow where the instrument had surely done its work.

Soon all was confusion. Mr. Delyle had some knowledge of medicine. He tried all the simple restoratives he could command, refusing to believe she could be dead.

The physician arrived, shocked by the summons.

"A razor, the radial artery opened! Who could have done it? She has not been dead an hour."

He applied all the usual methods of resuscitation, but vainly.

"There is only one last chance," he said; "I will be back in fifteen minutes. There is nothing you can do to wait our leaving Herbert Delyle and Mrs. Deloye are with the dead."

Herbert sat at his wife's side, while Blanche stood at the opposite side of the couch, her eyes riveted upon the cold face of the one who had been her friend and her rival.

After a little the tiny clock upon the mantel slowly struck the hour of midnight. For one instant Mr. Delyle, looking across the couch and meeting the glance of the woman who stood there, forgot the years that had intervened between the last Hallow-e'en they had spent together and this.

There was one exultant gleam in the hazel eyes which met his and said, as eagerly as any words could have done:

"You did this deed for me! though your hands are red with blood they shall clasp mine!

"In spite of sin or shame, or life or death, I love you!"

A cold chill crept over Herbert Delyle's frame.

This woman, who had given him the love of his living manhood, whom he had believed worthy any honest man's devotion, could look into his face believing him false and foul, and yet, in such a solemn moment, and in such awful presence, glory in the guilty love she had won. Every spark of affection or respect he had ever felt for her died out of his heart at that moment. He looked down upon the quiet face of his dead wife and loathed himself and Blanche utterly.

"Mrs. Delano," he said, "do not longer pro-fane this place with your presence. The love I bear my wife—so good, so generous, so pure, so true, is as far above and beyond any love I ever had for you as heaven is from hell!"

"And yet you did!"

"Hugh! you shall not utter the foul lie! I never did the deed, God knows! And you could believe it of me! Go! I could hate you, if I did not utterly despise you!"

Herbert knelt beside Lily's couch in bitter remorseful anguish.

"If she might but know how gladly I would lay down my life to restore hers," he moaned.

"My wife! my wife! my angel! come back to me! I cannot live without you!"

He hid his face upon her cold heart, wetting it with torments of hot tears; he pressed passionate kisses upon her chill lips as though his warm breath could bring life to hers.

Presently the door opened and the physician entered.

"One last resort," he murmured. "If with this tube I can convey some of this cordial to her stomach, and then apply the battery, there is a chance. I knew one case of animation suspended four hours."

What took place the next hour after the doctor left Herbert never knew; but when at last a tremor ran through Lily's frame; when a shiver passed over her ashy lips; when the blue eyes unclosed a moment in bewilderment, then closed, then opened again, with a smile of glad recognition in them, he felt as the sisters of Bethany must have felt when Lazarus came back to them from the grave.

"Lily, darling," he said, with ineffable humility and tenderness. "I am not worthy to touch you, but God has given you back to me, and my whole life shall show my love for you."

When Lily was stronger she told him that she had seen the caries he had given Blanche, that the sight of the razor had suggested to her that the renunciation of her life would bring him happiness; that she had bared her arm, and

word with which she had answered him; how, blushing and shy, she had told him of the legend of Hallow-e'en, and acknowledged having come at midnight to the mirror hoping he might be the face she should see there; how swiftly and blissfully the next week of his life had passed; how sorry she had seemed and how much he had regretted being obliged to leave her and return to his work in the city.

Then he remembered, oh, how bitterly he remembered, the morning when—taking up the daily paper and glancing at the marriage notices with an added interest since his own would soon appear there—he had read that Judge Delano and Blanche Evarts had been married three days before. Soon after came a letter from the judge briefly mentioning the marriage, stating that he should spend some six months in Europe on a wedding tour, and requesting that his niece, Lily Delano, might become an inmate of Herbert and sister's home until their return. "She will be a great blessing to you all, what the doctor for my life. I should not have come back if you had not said you loved me, if your kisses had not set my heart pulsing to yours, oh, my Herbert! my husband!"

clinched her hand, and severed the artery which should quickly and easily take her life away.

"I could not stir; I could not speak," she said, "but I heard you all, what the doctor for my life. I should not have come back if you had not said you loved me, if your kisses had not set my heart pulsing to yours, oh, my Herbert! my husband!"

marvelous beauty you are not to blame me, mind, for I have given you fair warning."

"Oh, I will hold you blameless," Bub replied.

"It's quite a serious matter introducing such a dashing blade as yourself to this queen of song. Who knows what serious consequences may result from it?"

"Oh, nonsense! go ahead!"

"I warn you, remember!"

"Oh, on my head be it!" Bub replied, lightly.

The stroke-oar little guessed the nature of the tangled path into which his feet were straying so recklessly.

Grahame advanced up the steps and rung the bell, following close behind.

An elderly colored man answered the bell and from the look upon his face as he perceived Grahame it was plain that the Bostonian was no stranger to him.

"Is Mademoiselle Paulina at home, Jim?" he asked.

"Yes, sah."

"Carry up my card, please," and Grahame placed one of his pasteboards in the hand of the servant.

"Yes, sah; walk in, gent'lmen, to de parlor."

The servant ushered the two into the reception room and then departed.

The parlor was nicely furnished and only differed from the usual reception-room common to similar houses of its class in having the walls profusely adorned with portraits of all the artistic celebrities of the day.

Lawrence examined them with considerable curiosity, and Grahame, who was well acquainted with all of them by sight, and with the greater part personally, took upon himself the task of enlightening his less learned companion.

Bub listened patiently as Grahame descended first on one picture and then on another, enlivening his discourse every now and then with some choice bit of scandal regarding the originals of some of the pictures.

"You are well posted," Bub observed at last.

"Oh, yes, I'm up to all that's going, as the saying is," Grahame replied, complacently.

The rustle of a woman's dress sounded in the entry just then; the young men turned; a tall, beautiful girl with lustrous, golden hair, magnificently dressed, came sweeping into the apartment.

No sooner had the lady caught sight of the faces of the gentlemen than a cry of astonishment came from her lips and she started back utterly amazed.

And as for Bub Lawrence, upon Grahame's whispering in his ear, "Here she is," he had in curiosity turned to see the famous siren, but the moment his eyes fell upon her face he re-echoed the cry which had been forced from her lips by the sudden and unexpected encounter.

Grahame was the only one of the three that was not completely taken by surprise, although he followed suit and pretended to be.

This woman—this magnificent creature—this Mademoiselle Paulina, who with her wonderful voice as well as by the grace of her person and the commanding bearing of her face, this queen of genius, rich in all the gifts that fame and wealth could give, was none other than the innkeeper's daughter, plain Kitty Googage.

No wonder that the stroke-oar was amazed at the wonderful and unexpected transformation! Never before in all his life had he been so thoroughly and utterly astounded.

reality as strong as the massive links of the manacled prisoner's chain.

"You are surprised to see me, no doubt," she said, looking straight into his face and smilingly inviting him to approach.

"Yes," he replied; and, unable to resist the charm, he advanced to her side and seated himself so close to her that he had to reach out his hand to touch her.

"No more surprised, though, than I am to behold you, for you are the very last person in this world that I expected to see."

"But explain this mystery: who and what are you?"

"I am Mademoiselle Paulina, the bright, particular star of the Alhambra Music Hall, in 14th street," she replied, firmly, but with anxious eyes fixed upon the face of the young man, eager to witness the effect of the speech.

"The Alhambra Music Hall?" he murmured.

"Yes, where the nightingale sings; a man by profession and a woman by the highest salary given to any artist who treads the boards of music hall. As you can plainly see, I lead a double life;—when I am home with my parents, I am plain Kitty Googage, but here, in New York, over a certain circle I reign as queen, with none to dispute my sway, and I am known as Mademoiselle Paulina."

There was an air of bravado plainly apparent both in the girl's voice and manner. She feared the effects of the disclosure, but she had resolved to make the best of it.

In brief she intimated—I am so and so, I am not ashamed of it, although perhaps you may think that I have cause to be ashamed.

To tell the truth Lawrence hardly knew what to say to his mother. He was much surprised by the disclosure that he hardly knew what to think. He had not a very high opinion of the "bright particular stars" of the music halls. He had come in contact with two or three of them, and not one of them had impressed him favorably.

"My parents do not know what I am doing," the girl continued, rapidly, determined that she should know the whole story. "They have a holy horror of the stage and all that belongs to it. I am bound to you, as far as I am concerned, to use every effort to avert such a calamity. I shall write to your parents at once, and if they would like to meet me, I will go to them, and not one of them had impressed him favorably."

"How did you happen to enter upon this life?" asked his curiosity excited.

"Ever since I was a child I had been noted for my excellent voice. I have often been told by good judges that if I had had proper instructions I would have made a great opera singer. My father was in difficulties; his inn was not paying, and he expected to lose it and it all his little savings which he had invested in it. I resolved to use the talents which Heaven had given me secretly and unknown to my folks. I made the attempt and succeeded. The public that I sing to is an easily satisfied monster, my audience do not demand cultivation so much as voice and style, both of which the world says I have. My folks think that I am the forewoman of a millinery store on Broadway—that I receive an excellent salary, and that the money I send to them is my surplus earnings. The cheat is not likely to be discovered, for this blonde hair and the glamour of the stage almost defy recognition; and, besides, there is no sum of money in this world that would tempt either my father or mother to go inside the walls of a theatre."

"This sounds more like a romance than reality," But observed, thoughtfully.

"And is all the romance of the world confined to the pages of the novelist?" she exclaimed. "Do not believe it! The mind of man cannot invent wilder deeds than the will of man indeed compared to romance of society."

"Yes, that is truth itself."

The appearance of Grahame at this moment interrupted the interview.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 445.)

### QUESTIONING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Oh lips, beneath the grasses gray,  
Beneath the dead leaves and the mold,  
If you could speak to us to-day  
What strange weird secrets would be told.  
Doubtless I have been kinded;  
Unclose, and answer me to-day,  
Or is death's silence like a mist?  
Which shuns the world and us away?

Oh eyes beneath the dead leaves had,  
I wonder if you cannot see,  
Through the soft fringes of your lid,  
The blossoms blowing for the bee?  
Say, can you see the grasses stir  
With the kiss of the Spring?  
Be Nature's true interpreter,  
And answer all my questioning.

Oh heart, when'er I kneel  
Before you and the sky,  
Does not some influence make you feel  
That he, who loved you so, is nigh?  
Oh, love, love, love! it cannot be!  
That you are dead to things of old,  
I know you hear and think of me,  
Beneath the dead leaves and the mold.

### Diamond Cut Diamond.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

MR. GURLEY flung the newspaper from him and thrust himself back in his chair.

"What's the news?" he asked. "I've heard a young lady, who was running after Mr. Gurley's wife, gone and got married again! At his age! And a widow, too, with a grown-up son! Of course he'll change his will now. Just my luck! Well, if he does, he'll pursue himself, at all events. The question, then, will be, whether such a journey would not absolve me; but I shall outlive him, without doubt. He's ten years older than I, and married to a widow with a grown-up son. Oh, it's enough to kill him in a twelve-month!"

"But why should he alter his will, uncle?" inquired his niece.

"To secure his wife—with her grown-up son—will allow him to leave his inheritance to any one but herself, and her young hopeful! And he hadn't a near relative in the world! His will wronged nobody. Can it be possible that he will prove false to the sacred bond of our earthly friendship?"

At this moment, Mr. Gurley became conscious that his pretty niece was gazing at him with an expression of inquisitive surprise, and as he did not choose to enter into any further explanation on the subject with her, he resumed his newspaper and making a temporary barricade of it, silently finished his breakfast behind the front door-sight.

Now, nearly about that very time, John Harbinger, Esquire, sat at his breakfast-table, with his bride and her grown-up son, in a parlor some two hundred miles distant from the residence of his friend, Robert Gurley, Esquire. And although the bride was affable and entertaining, still Mr. Harbinger's face was not altogether unclouded, nor his demeanor that of a thoroughly happy bridegroom.

"Are you not well, my love?" asked the bride, with tender solicitude.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?" added her son, with respectful eagerness.

"I do, for you, Walter. I am quite well, my dear Eunice. I was only thinking—"

"Of what, love? Nothing that I may not know, I hope?" queried Mrs. Harbinger, archly.

"Oh, no! that is—I was just then thinking—of my will!"

"Your will, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. H., with a start of graceful horror.

"Your will, sir!" cried Walter, in sorrowful surprise.

"Yes—I—the fact is, my dearest Eunice, I must write to my friend Gurley. I have been strangely forgetful of Gurley."

"Pray, my love," asked Mrs. H., mildly, "what is Mr. Gurley? You have never mentioned him to me before, I think. If he is a friend of yours, why did you not invite him to our—our—"

"There were 'no cards,' you know, my dear Eunice," interrupted her husband, hastily, "and—in fact, my love, I thought—I feared that Gurley—however, I'll write to him immediately. It will be all right, of course."

"What will be right, John, dear! I am really a most curious little body, and you can't keep any secrets from me, you know; indeed, you can't, John! Walter, your father has something to tell me, and three you know, my son."

"I am Mademoiselle Paulina, the bright, particular star of the Alhambra Music Hall, in 14th street," she replied, firmly, but with anxious eyes fixed upon the face of the young man, eager to witness the effect of the speech.

"The Alhambra Music Hall?" he murmured.

"Yes, where the nightingale sings; a man by profession and a woman by the highest salary given to any artist who treads the boards of music hall."

Thereupon, Eunice came and seated herself upon her dear John's lap, and kissed him right on his somewhat grizzled mustache, and—there being no eavesdroppers at hand, what passed between them can never be accurately known.

But, on the second day thereafter, Robert Gurley, Esquire, received the following epistle:

EXTON, August 3, 186—

MY DEAR FRIEND—You will, doubtless, have seen my recent marriage with the widow of the late Judge Wynkins, as announced in the Exton Journal, and the "Exton Standard," or "Exton Journal."

"Our marriage was a happy one, and our union has been very rare of late years, owing to distance and engrossing occupations, but I trust our mutual friendship has remained unaltered. In my case, it is true, I have a share in the management, and the other in the care of the house; but, as far as I am concerned, my portion is merely to set your mind at rest, in case you should—as you naturally may—feel any anxiety on the subject with regard to our ancient compact about our wills."

"Poor Gurley!" murmured Mr. Harbinger, "I always thought—that is, I was always afraid—he wasn't very strong, Eunice."

"Mrs. H. made no answer, but in a moment—"

"What is it?" she asked.

"He's a friend of Gurley's, a young lawyer," replied her husband.

Another interval of silence, while the breakfast was dispatched.

"Well," said Mr. Harbinger, at length, "if I had altered my will, now, Eunice, Gurley would have altered his, and you see what the result would have been. I never believed he would—I mean, I feared he would not—outlive me, poor fellow! Of course I must go on at once."

"Of course," echoed Mrs. Harbinger, though in rather an embarrassed manner. Then, after a moment's thought, she added:

"And you had better go with Mr. Harbinger, Walter."

Walter looked at his mother, and immediately said:

"Yes, certainly, with the greatest pleasure—I mean, I am ready, of course, to be of any service."

"We will start by the noon train, Walter," said Mr. Harbinger, with melancholy alacrity.

And so it was settled.

The 12 M. train from Wyvile up met the 11.30 A.M. train from Exton down, at Zeddington station, where the leisurely interval of fifteen minutes was allowed for, what the brakemen called "Re-freshments."

Emerging from the car at this spot, Mr. Harbinger, whose sorrow had not impaired his appetite, and Walter, who had no grief to speak of, pushed their way to the refreshment counter and seized upon such viands as were within their reach.

In another instant, Mr. H., looking up, beheld a pair of eyes gazing at him from under a somewhat flushed brow, with a mixed expression of amazement and indignation. The effect of this gaze upon his own face was instantaneous and remarkable. He became pale, then crimson; his hand trembled and dropped his fork; he started back from the counter, and exclaimed:

"Good God! Ge—ge—Gurley! N—n—not dead!"

"No more dead than yourself," replied that gentleman, in a testy voice, clapping his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Fray, what the deuce does this mean, sir?" and he snatched a small roll of paper from his pocket, and spread it under Mr. Harbinger's nose.

Mr. H. looked mechanically at it, and read:

WYVILLE, Sept. 10, 186—8:20 A.M.  
ROBERT GURLEY, ESQUIRE, NO. 10, —— street,  
Exton—John Harbinger died quite suddenly at a little after six this morning. Come on at once!

EUNICE.

"I—I can't imagine—" stammered Mr. Harbinger, looking vacantly at Walter.

"It is an infamous trick, John Harbinger!" cried Mr. Gurley, "and I shall be avenged!"

At this moment, Walter plucked a scrap of paper, just like the one in Mr. Gurley's hand, full in the gentleman's focus of vision, and, "Perhaps, sir," said he, with a smile, "you will also account for this in the same manner!"

It was now Mr. Gurley's turn to grow flushed and confused. Just then the bell rung, and the three gentlemen were fain to hurry toward the train.

They spent a delightful fortnight in each other's society.

The amiable friendship of Messrs. Harbinger and Gurley was wonderfully quickened. They were inseparable, except when temporarily divided by Mrs. Harbinger's convivial position in the household.

They were as David and Jonathan—David Gurley and Jonathan Harbinger, so to speak.

As to the intercourse between Walter Wynkins and Anna Meldrick—given, a good-looking young fellow of three-and-twenty, and a pretty, piquante damsel of nineteen, and the result is more or less inevitable according to the opportunities. The opportunities of Walter and Anna were capital. And were capital improved, Viva!

At the end of the fortnight, Mr. Gurley and his niece tore themselves away.

Mr. Harbinger handed this epistle triumphantly to his dear Eunice. She read it carefully, pondered a single instant, said, "Humph! we'll see! I'm glad they're coming," and went out to ride with her dear John and Walter.

The week at Newport was a pleasant one, but on the whole monotonous as an incident. On the appointed day, Mr. Gurley and Miss Meldrick arrived at the mansion of the Harbingers, and were welcomed with great cordiality by that family.

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"I wouldn't, mother," replied her son.

"Very likely; but her uncle wants my husband—"

"I'll rush her comes Mr. Gurley. I've an idea she doesn't care. Don't say a word to a by-and-by. And he hadn't a near relative in the world! His will wronged nobody. Can it be possible that he will prove false to the sacred bond of our earthly friendship?"

Mr. Harbinger approached, and getting into the carriage, the three rode home, lamenting with genial sorrow, the loss of the worthy uncle and his charming niece.

As the railway train whirled out of the depot, Mr. Gurley turned to Anna, and said, "Anna, that man's a hypocrite!" (meaning John Harbinger, Esquire.) "And he's ruled by his wife."

Anna was a very clever young man, uncle," quoted Anna timidly, and not without a blush.

"No objection, my dear," replied Mr. G., with a smile. "But Harbinger and his wife both want—they both hope I shall be the first to—"

"Tickets, sir," said the conductor.

After a few moments' silence, Mr. Gurley suddenly broke into a chuckle.

"A capital idea," said he, half to himself.

"I'll do it by George! ha, ha, ha! It will be the richest thing—oh, ho, ho!"

"What are you talking about?" exclaimed Anna, thinking her uncle on the eve of a fit.

"Nothing—never mind now, my dear. Wait till we get home."

Three days later, however, a new aspect was put upon the mutual domestic positions of the households Harbinger and Gurley, by the following epistle, which Mrs. Harbinger read aloud to her husband as he was shaving, (and which caused him to gash himself in three places, without swearing at the accident.)

WYVILLE, Sept. 14, 186—

MY DEAR MORNING—All's well, ends well, and our little *fiasco* has certainly culminated in the most charming and happiest manner, so far as I am concerned, at all events. Not to keep you waiting, (indeed I know you will skip everything I say till you find the point of my letter,) I have asked my dear Anna to be my wife, and she has consented!

They arrived in due time at home.

III.

On the 10th of September, at nine o'clock and five minutes, Mr. John Harbinger, looking out of his breakfast-room window, beheld a young man with a large ledger under his arm pass by. An instant afterward, the door-bell rung.

"It's the water-rent, probably, or the gas," said Mr. Harbinger, in reply to a question by Mrs. H.

"Or a bill," muttered Walter.

The parlor door opened.

"A telegram, sir," said the servant: "and the messenger says, you'll be kind enough to write your name and time of receipt in the book," and he handed ledger and envelope to Mr. H.

"You write it, Walter, while I read the message," said Mr. Harbinger, slowly tearing the note open.

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enter into the spirit of the scene, for it stood as firm and motionless as a rock, though its eyes shone brightly from beneath its shaggy forelock.

Dashing Ned drew rein with a cry, not at alarm but of surprise the most profound. And, his gaze riveted upon that fair face, he sat his horse like one petrified.

"The p'izen critters'll git clean off, boss!" uttered the ranger, ever, in his eagerness. "Shell I cl'ar the track?"

As he spoke the reckless old Ranger flung forward his rifle, though it may be doubted whether or no he would have put his suggestion into operation even if left alone, wrought up as his worst passions had been. But the strong hand of Dashing Ned grasped the rifle-barrel and with the same movement wrested it from the Ranger's grasp and hurled the weapon into the bushes. If nothing else Meyer's words were of service in arousing the captain.

"Isola! Great heavens! what brings you here?"

Was it acting? was Missouri Belle simply carrying out the plan she had confided to her father a few minutes before? Or was the white shade that chased the roses from her cheek beyond her control? What meant that wild, hunted look that filled her eyes?

With a low cry she wheeled her mustang and dismounted, and the timber. As though moved by the same impulse Dashing Ned urged his horse forward, while the Rangers pressed close upon his heels. On at a relentless speed until the dense undergrowth grew thinner, finally giving place to a long, narrow opening that apparently extended for miles both east and west.

As he broke through the brush, Dashing Ned, guided by his ear, saw Missouri Belle riding at full speed down this natural race-course, heading toward the east. A single glance showed him that the trail of the retreating Wolves led directly across the opening. For a brief space he hesitated. Duty bade him pursue the outlaws; but his heart opposed. Love and a sickening doubt urged him to overtake the fair fugitive; and love conquered.

"Wait here for me," he said, turning to his lieutenant and forcing himself to speak deliberately lest he should betray his great agitation.

"The woman may have important information. I will run after the outlaws myself."

Without awaiting the reply, Dashing Ned gave his horse free rein and sped after the spotted mustang, who was bearing its mistress swiftly toward the morning sun. One backward glance the fugitive cast, then devoted her every energy and art to maintain her vantage-ground. And right nobly the little mustang rewarded her efforts. Swift and hardy, it scarce seemed to feel the burden it bore, but brushed the dewdrops from the bending blades of grass with the long, low leaps of a hard-pressed antelope.

Dashing Ned used his spurs freely, but his horse had been ridden long and hard, and there was not its wonted elasticity in its movements. A half-course, half-groan parted the Ranger's lips as he saw that the paint-mustang was fairly holding its own.

The boy was in a wild confusion. He could scarce believe his eyes. And once he pinched his arm until the blood flowed, to convince himself that he was not dreaming.

A cold perspiration started from every pore as he saw that the spotted mustang was slowly but surely leaving him behind. He drew a pistol and half-leveled it, thinking to shoot the horse, but dared not trust his mustang's nerves. And then, at such speed, a fall from the saddle might well prove fatal to the woman.

The chase had covered full two miles, when the fugitive turned her mustang toward the southern timber. Dashing Ned took instant advantage of the angle, gaining several rods by the change. Straight on dashed Missouri Belle; but instead of entering the timber, she drew rein beneath a low spreading live-oak tree and coolly faced her pursuer.

"Good-morning, Captain Conway! You appear to be in a hurry."

Dashing Ned writhed up his horse, confused and abashed by this cool salutation. There was no look of terror in those courageous eyes, and the fair skin was only softly suffused, while a pleasant smile played around the red-ripe mouth.

"Isola, what does this mean? why are you here?" he faltered, coming closer, "why are you here?"

"Not is the prairie free for me as you, Captain Conway? Though from the manner in which you and your rough bears hunted me, I could almost doubt the fact. Do you always take a joke so seriously? Or did you mistake me for the Chaparral Wolf?"

"What could we think? That man and his murderous gang had but a few minutes before passed over that very trail. I cannot understand how you escaped meeting them. I can't make out how you came here; it is all a puzzle!"

"There are many enigmas in this world, and I am one of them. You have never understood me, from the very first. You believed me everything but 'I was—and am, God help me! Had you only known it—But! what matter? It is all in a lifetime." And the young woman laughed; but there was far more of bitterness than merriment in the peal.

"I believed you all that was pure and good; I believe so still. I will always believe so. I loved you the first time we met, and that love has grown stronger and firmer every day and every hour since. You can say nothing that can alter that love, Isola, let the mystery which surrounds you, take its birth from what it will. I only ask—"

"Ask nothing, Edward, for I have nothing to give you. I have been false to you from the first. I had a part given me to play, and I played it, caring little how you might suffer from it. Stop! something is urging me to tell the whole truth now, and I must obey. You must listen to me; I ask it by the love you swore to."

"I will listen, Isola," said Conway, quietly. "But if you are testing the truth of my love, you are simply wasting time."

"No more! you are heaping coals of fire upon my head! Be still—let me say my say while I can command myself. I said that I had played you false from our first meeting, and I meant it. I did not like the part, but I was acting under orders from one whom I could not disobey. You remember, you rescued me from two ruffians in San Antonio, one night. I was playing a part, then. That was a farce, by which I was to make your acquaintance and excite your interest at the same time. I told you I was Spanish. That my mother was dead, my father an invalid. I allowed you to accompany me home. You called again and again. You learned to love me—or what you believed me to be; and I—"

"Stop, Isola!" cried Dashing Ned, appealingly. "Don't say that—don't say you were playing a part, then!"

Double Dan drew a small flask from his pocket and shook it regretfully. Evidently he deemed it a shame to waste good liquor on such an evil subject. And such a course had its drawbacks, besides.

"He ain't quite a fool. He'd want to know whar thelicker come from. Good Lawd! the very thing! He'll be too bad skeered to think of lookin' fer Turn-over; I'll do it."

Double Dan, nearly choking with merriment, poured a quantity of powder into the hollow of his hand and proceeded to make a "spit-ball" about the size of an egg. Into this he inserted a bit of punk, placing the whole in the right hand of the senseless assassin. Striking a match he ignited the punk, then hastily withdrew a few yards, lying down in the tall grass.

He was not kept long in suspense. The dampened powder caught fire and began spitting and sputtering at a great rate. The assassin shuddered uneasily as the fire began to sear him, and as the dry punk inside the ball exploded with vivid light, he sprang erect with a yell of mingled pain and terror. As Double Dan had foreseen, he was too greatly confused to realize what had occurred, but, guided by instinct, he took to his heels in blind terror, running away from the knew not what.

"I can guess, Isola. I have not forgotten that night at the Golden Harvest. You were masked, but I knew your voice too thoroughly to mistake."

"You knew—and you treated me as a stranger."

"Was it so strange? I loved you; and so I trusted you. I felt sure that you would explain all in good time."

"Edward Conway, you are fortunate! Had I known you as well before—but never mind. The past is past."

"But may it not be recalled, Isola? You have

known this Mark Bird but a few days. He can never love you as ardently as I. Give me another chance. I can—I will win your love, if I only have—"

"No, Edward; there is still another bar. I may love, but that is all. I could never disgrace an honest man by wedding him. I—the outlaw's daughter!"

"Isola!"

"I am the daughter of the man whom you call the Chaparral Wolf. It was to get at the secret of his plans against him that I made your acquaintance. Now go—but remember that I am not wholly to blame. I never knew a mother's care; and father—you can guess what his training was."

"Isola, I love you, even as his child. Marry me, and I will take you far away from this country—"

"I cannot desert my father," was the low, firm reply.

"Then I will disband my men and join him. You are all the world to me. I cannot give you up, Isola."

"You would do this—you!" faltered the girl.

"And gladly—so that I have you! I will—"

"No, you must not. I am not worthy. And then—I love him. You must try and forget me. There are others—"

The sounds of heavy firing came to their ears from a distance. Dashing Ned started like one awaking from a dream. He felt that he had been drawn into an ambush!

## CHAPTER XXI.

### DOUBBLE DAN IN BUSINESS.

In those first moments Double Dan was filled with a hatred as bloodthirsty and fierce as it was short lived. He considered Colonel Overton as his own game and looked upon the interference of the wayside assassin as a personal injury to himself. Thus, when he uttered his yell and leaped forward, weapon in hand, the man nearest friend could not have been more thoroughly resolved to avenge his assassination than was the man who had for days been weaving a halter for his neck.

The assassin fled at full speed, and seemed winged by fear, but there was one upon his track whose muscles of steel had more than once won out staunch horses. Foot by foot the assassin was overhauled. A dozen times had Double Dan raised his revolver to end the chase by a shot, but as often had he hesitated. He cautiously stepped outside and whistled, but, as before, without any response. Re-entering the cabin, he took down a bit of jerked meat from a store that hung from the rafters and began eating.

"Ef I could only write!" he muttered, anxiously.

But Double Dan was not one long to despair. As usual a happy thought came to his aid. Grinning with delight he took down a buck-skin shirt that hung upon the wall, and spread it out before him. Then, laying in a stock of cinders from the rude fireplace, he began painting his report.

First he drew what was intended for a man, but in a miraculously distorted position. Just above this was drawn a bird's head, with a snake in its mouth.

Stricken fairly from the shoulders the fellow plunged heavily forward upon his head, and the next moment Double Dan alighted upon his back, both hands closing like a vice upon his throat.

With his head upon one side, Double Dan eyed his work with complacent approval.

"It's clear as mud, ef I do say it! A blind man could see that pizen critter is turnin' a summer, an' that's Turn-over's totem—"

He paused abruptly and raised his eyes. The door was pushed partly open, and a man's head entered. It was the face and head of Colonel Overton, the half-breed!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 448.)

## Only a Tramp Printer.

BY FRANK DAVES.

He was only a tramp printer. He was probably twenty-five years of age, but looked older when he walked into the little town of Pottsville, one balmy spring morning, and applied at the Times office for a job.

I was "devil" in the Times office then, and was the only type about the establishment, as the foreman and the only other printer employed had been seized with that peculiar longing to be on the road which only the true tramp knows, and had at once collected their wages and left town.

The proprietor offered each one an increase of two dollars a week, the week we were not working.

After that moment, "Shorty" seemed a new man. He walked as if on air, and seemed all the time a voyager in cloud-land.

A couple of weeks afterward I met the pair one moonlight night, walking slowly along the shore of the beautiful little lake that gives a romantic air to the otherwise melancholy aspect of Pottsville. They were talking very little, and the expression of "Shorty's" face spoke of supreme happiness within, and that of Jennie's spoke of childlike faith and trust.

I hurried away. I seemed to be intruding upon the privacy of angels.

A week after "Shorty" and Jennie were missing. The affair created immense excitement, and Mr. Morrison's indignation was swollen when, the day after, he learned that "Shorty's" uncle had been dead a month, and that his son-in-law was a millionaire, he went to reconsider the case. He sent for them to go visit him, which they did, and when they returned to Boston I accompanied them, the trusted friend and petted ward of the Tramp Printer.

The new typist's lips curled slightly, and a faint smile wreathed his cadaverous features, as he faintly replied:

"I think so."

"Then here is some copy to begin with." I was handed a "clipping" as devils, especially very small devils, such as I was, do not very often set from memory.

We then sat down. I was a printer enough to set out what was a "swift." I do not think of all my experience I ever saw a man throw type together as fast as this one did.

For the next week, to be able some day to set type like the "boss" was the height of my ambition. He was even a more important person in my eye than the editor.

There was a secret in our office, as there is in all country offices where the proprietors are not practical printers and where the men work by the week, namely: that there is very much less work to do in getting out the paper than the proprietors think there is. When Kirtley and Brown were in the office we always seemed to be at work, and were never ready to go to press until the very last hour, when, in fact, we were playing cards one-third of the time.

Shorty Cullum, as the new typist called himself, worked swiftly, yet lazily, while I struggled along with my hands eight hours a day, and was ready to go to press at any time.

The proprietor was delighted. The proprietor would give "Shorty" an increase of five dollars a week if he would work the office with only the assistance of the "devil."

"Shorty" heaved a deep sigh, and said he was a poor miserable tramp printer, standing very much in need of money, else he could not afford to attempt such a task; yet under the circumstances he wouldtry it.

The proprietor hung some copy on the hook and went away delighted.

"Shorty" turned to me with one of his peculiar, painful smiles and said:

"Can you play eucher?"

"Yes."

"Have you a deck?"

"Yes; why?"

"Because we will have a game to-morrow."

I was astonished, yet delighted. I turned to take one more admiring look at my partner before I began a new stick. He was sitting before his case perfectly straight, and to say that he was very swift would be putting the case too mildly. He seemed to compose whole words in a moment. While I struggled with the spaces on a single line I would hear his rule click several times, each click announcing the beginning of a new line. Stick after stickful he emptied; and when night came I never saw another day's work put up by any other man.

The next day we played eucher for two or three hours, and then layed the cards down and began to spin long stories of his adventures.

He had worked in all the principal cities in the Union; had been a country editor; had for six months been a proof-reader in New York, at a salary of fifty dollars a week; was the author of a popular work published by a New York house; had an uncle in Boston worth a million dollars; and yet he was now a ragged, penniless tramp, just commencing work in a country office, in the very dullest little town in the world, at a salary of fifteen dollars per week.

"I can guess, Isola. I have not forgotten that night at the Golden Harvest. You were masked, but I knew your voice too thoroughly to misake."

"You knew—and you treated me as a stranger."

"Was it so strange? I loved you; and so I trusted you. I felt sure that you would explain all in good time."

"Edward Conway, you are fortunate! Had I known you as well before—but never mind. The past is past."

"But may it not be recalled, Isola? You have

known this Mark Bird but a few days. He can never love you as ardently as I. Give me another chance. I can—I will win your love, if I only have—"

"No, Edward; there is still another bar. I may love, but that is all. I could never disgrace an honest man by wedding him. I—the outlaw's daughter!"

"Isola!"

"I am the daughter of the man whom you call the Chaparral Wolf. It was to get at the secret of his plans against him that I made your acquaintance. Now go—but remember that I am not wholly to blame. I never knew a mother's care; and father—you can guess what his training was."

"Isola, I love you, even as his child. Marry me, and I will take you far away from this country—"

"I cannot desert my father," was the low, firm reply.

"Then I will disband my men and join him. You are all the world to me. I cannot give you up, Isola."

"You would do this—you!" faltered the girl.

"And gladly—so that I have you! I will—"

"No, you must not. I am not worthy. And then—I love him. You must try and forget me. There are others—"

The sounds of heavy firing came to their ears from a distance. Dashing Ned started like one awaking from a dream. He felt that he had been drawn into an ambush!

"Then," said he, "I will tell you one."

He leaned his head over as if to whisper.

I listened breathlessly, for "Shorty's" secrets were very important ones to me.

"I am staying here because I love somebody in this town."

Would "Shorty" be

**THE PASSERS-BY.**

BY JOE JOE, JR.

I watch upon the crowded street  
To mark the crowds that hurry by,  
Ah, in the faces that I meet  
How much I read with earnest eye!  
  
Here comes a man with hastening feet—  
He is some hopeful mother's son;  
He walks behind with glances fleet—  
He is eager for the sun.  
  
And here's a man with cast eye,  
And with a steady look before;  
His feet seem nimble in life's race—  
He is after him who is the over.  
  
Here with a sachet one goes past;  
What goal in life allures him so?  
What purpose grand, allurement vast?  
The trait that's gone's some time ago!  
  
Here comes a very cheerful man,  
And o'er his face the glad smiles roam;  
What pleasure on his face you seean;  
He has just got away from home.  
  
There is one who wears a far-off gaze;  
Of commanding things he's full of scorn;  
His slow walk shows his thoughtless ways—  
He has the luxury of a count.  
  
Who's this who comes with wrinkled brow,  
And frowning scowl, and frown-set jaw?  
Quite heedless of the friends who bow?  
He goes to meet his mother-in-law.  
  
With long curled hair and step slate  
And clothes well worn and figure tall  
He hastens onward to his fate—  
A poet with an odd to Fall.  
  
This person loiters on the way;  
He's not in haste; his step is slow;  
He's going home if it takes all day;  
His dinner's late—it's always so.  
  
Come stand aside, let that man pass;  
He dives promiscuous through the crowd;  
What eagerness is in his face?  
His free lunch sign is just hung out.  
  
Lover's heart is aching, sighing,  
How languishingly his limbs do move  
Unmindful of who pass him by—  
A suffering victim of pure love!  
  
With pinched-up visage, look most sour,  
This man goes by with ancient coat,  
To pay a note due just this hour  
Lest he should lose another groat.  
  
My heart be still! There comes a girl!  
Such loveliness you seldom see;  
How doth it set my head in whirl—  
But, there's my laundress looking for me!

**Wild Western Tales.**

**JOHN LEE'S LAUNDRY.**

A STORY OF THE MINES.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

Poor Deadwood! I often wonder that that city of the Black Hills has actual existence, after all the stories and novels that have been written of it, although many of them have embraced truthful scenes. To get the true idea, you need to either go in person, or get in with an "old resident," and have him give you a yarn. An old miner, back but a few weeks from the Hills, "got away with" the following narrative, and declared it to be true:

"Wal, yas. I've cum back ter the States, pilgrim, but not today, I seen' ye. Ye see how it was, the old folks ar' gone'n part'le off toward ther shinin' shore, an' et struck me I'd best come visit 'em once ag'in afore it's their turn go on ther last minin' trip up ther Golden Stair."

"How long I bin away? Wal, let me see: it's nigh about—my wife Sally died an' I pulled out ther next year—wal, it's nigh about thirty year, stranger, since I went ter ther mines."

"I was even twenty-four, then, an' calkylated that warn't many as could lick me, ef I did cum from ther States. I knocked about here and thar for twenty year: bin clean frum California, an' then Billings; tuk a hand in nearly every strike or minin' stampede, an' hayr I am, at the age o' fifty-four, w/out as much as an old woman ter comfort me, or a piece o' land ter call my own."

"Yes, I'm goin' back, o' course, arter I've hed a visit wi' ther old folks—they're eighty year old apiece, now—an' bid 'em good-by till I cum huntin' arter 'em in a new duggin'. It'll cum purty tough ter say good-by, wi' ther realization that yer ain't goin' ter see 'em ag'in in ther flesh; but, business ar' business, an' I'm goin' back ter ther Hills."

"Goo' Wal, mses. That's a supply o' ther arties in them Hills as is goin' to outlast you, I, pilgrim, for all thar's too many galoots than ar' squar' inch o' territory. Labor is cheap—a man has ter work for a dollar an' two bits or two dollars a day, out o' what he has ter pay for his board, an' he don't hev ter grubble about that hein' ter many wittles, neither. I didn't do that way. I went up-huntin' on Sunday, an' layed in my own grub. Got a Chinaman cook it fer me awhile, but found he tek ut on himself to support a hull Chinese family out my harder, so I bounced him, boy!"

"Chinamen ar' that memy? Wal, ef I didn't know where they come from, I'd larf at ye, fer such a question. Why, I'vet you know, mses. one o' ther Celestials with ten feet—almon' eye, pig-tail an' all—fact, by gracious. We hev 'em than o' all grades an' breeds; sum wi' pig-tails, sum wi' wots; a great menny dishonest ones, an' a durned few that's honest on ken be trusted."

"Speakin' o' ther galoots, reminds me o' John Lee, one o' ther cuessedit o' cusses that ever grow'd in them Hills. He war a dandy, war John, wi' his pig-tail clipped off, an' sum real style in him, an' don't ye forget it. He wore as nobby clothes as any o' ther swells, an' a plug-hat, diamond pins, etc., into his b'il'd shirt, an' pattern leather boots under his feet; in fact he war a sortin' nabob as well as any o' ther short-eyed terds."

"First I ever see'd o' him, he cum ter Gray's duggin', last year, leased a chunk o' ground cluss ag'in' in' their mountain base, an' hired a gang o' men ter stick him up a shanty. Then he stuck out his sign, and we were apprised of ther fact that John Lee was laundryman. But he didn't do ther scrubbin', not any fer Johnmy! He hired several almond-eyed women ter do ther work, while he sat at his desk wi' one pen abhind his ear an' one wi' his grasp, an' drew portraits o' ther fair maidens o' his eye, five clique."

"A gang o' us, Bill Ackley arter our head, used ter often go over and paid an evenin' in ther offis o' ther laundry, whar John would be an' entertain us wi' yarns an' drawin's, sech as would puzzle an American, fer no fool war that same John, an' you bet yer p'le on't."

"One story he used to tell tickled Bill Ackley fer to kill. Bill war a tough customer, allus grinnin' gloomy, an' et took a Chinaman ter fetch out his humor."

"Chines man used to go see Melican gal, downes San Frisco! John would say, with a chuckle; 'Chinee man muccie rich; Melican gal muccie poor.' Chinee man used to eat up all Melican's pie an' cake, an' meats—Melican's fatness, etc., muccie madee, an' come for Chinee man with muccie. Chinee man muccie madder; he catchee Chinee man by cue an' cutt off, so Chinee man no go back to China. Chinee man den stealee five shirts from Melican man, an' got muccie even."

"All then pit seemed ter be that the durned almond-eyed galoot keered more for the five shirts than he did for the cue, or pig-tail."

"About ther time o' John Lee's startin' in business, a gang o' road-agents got bold an' darin' in ther neighborhood o' ther duggin's, an' we suffered robbery an' attacks till thar warn't no virtue in forbeareance, an' we organized fer a campaign. We thot we knew jest what ter lay our hands on ther cusses, an' we had er right in us ter lick 'em or die a-fightin', you bet! As

we passed John Lee's laundry on our way in s'arch o' ther galoots, Bill Ackley had us stop an' he called ther Celestial out, and invited him along wi' us, fer he war a prime favorite, war John Lee.

"But the almond-eyed galoot shuk his head, an' he sez, sez he:

"Note any fightee for Chinee man; he stay an' washes Melican man's shirtee for ten centce; Melican man go hunt for agents, loose dat's what an' gettum."

"An' I, I b'lieve it, pilgrim, we couldn't hire that galoot go along wi' us; he war as obstinate as any old mule ye ever see'd, an' no mistake. So we started on wi'out him, wi' nigh about all ther fightin' men o' ther town along wi' us.

"We war bound fer a victory, war we.

"But nary an agent did we lay our eyes on that day, and wen we got back ter ther diggin's we found that them cusses hed bin that from a rear part o' ther buildin', slamm'in' a door behind him. We see'd John Lee scowl, an' Bill sez, sez he:

"Who war that chap, Celestial?"

"Melican man who lodge up-stairs; Chinee man make him muccie," replied pig-tail'd galoot. Even then we didn't suspect anything, pilgrim, but we got our eyes opened, after a while.

"It was proposed that we all go off on another road-agent hunt, an' cum back after a little while, an' see if we couldn't surprise their galoots. So we mustered all ther men, an' rid out, no one ther wiser o' our plans 'cept them as war along."

"We rid out o' town about a mile, an' then rid back, hickety scoot, an' stranger, we caught them agents all collected afoot in ther center o'

sess a lover. Her sole care seemed to be devotion to the bedridden mother. Occasionally she was seen in company with a girl several years her junior, the child of a Roundhead family which had suffered terribly at the hands of the king's men.

Genia Monk, the young creature just mentioned, was fierce and outspoken against the Cavaliers; and though Prissie Maxton believed that she had betrayed their retreats to Old Iron-sides' merciless troopers, she did not upbraid the girl.

At last Genia became a hunted person.

She was forced to fly from her home, which the king's men laid in ashes. From place to place they hunted the fair girl; they wanted the blood of the young person who had guided the Puritan troopers to their bivouacs. They rode up and down the country, ransacking Puritan houses for their prey, insulting women and committing all manner of indignities on the defenseless, who did not know the whereabouts of Genia Monk.

The sanctuary of worship did not escape; they battered down the door before the frightened sexton could pronounce the keys, and, notwithstanding his protestations of denial, they overcame the citizen in their hunt for her.

One night in the fall of the year when the great oaks before Maxton House were shedding their russet leaves, Prissie sat before the bed on which her mother had fallen to sleep. She told her that her mother had fallen to sleep, she glided into the hall and thence to the great door.

Putting her ear to the lock, she listened. The wind was rising without; the oaks were crashing together like rival halberds, and the cold air came in and chilled her cheek.

your groaning mother'll be turned out of doors, and our torches be thrown into her bed. We want the witch who kneels at your side. Give her up, and we will ride away with no harm done to Maxton House."

Give Genia Monk over to the men who had hunted her over moor and through brakes like bloodhounds for a fortnight, and had seemed to her a year!

It did not take Puritan Prissie a moment to decide.

"Give her up and save the house in which twangs were born!" came the threatful cry.

"In a moment you shall have my answer!" was the maiden's reply.

"Be it a brief one! We cannot tarry here till

Prissie's hand and bidding her in a low tone to leave, Prissie led her quickly to the wall. The next moment she touched a secret spring, and the panel flew open, displaying a dark corridor to the gale of all.

"Into the dark, sister! never fear!" Prissie Maxton said, in a whisper to Genia, whom half-resisting, she thrust forward, and the panel came back to tell the king's men that their victim had disappeared.

The girl retreated with yell's of baffled rage; but found themselves confronted by a movement that startled her. It was Prissie, who now held a long broadsword in her hands. This weapon, revealed by the opening of the panel, she had snatched from its hook, and now its bright blade, undimmed by rust, flashed in the faces of the astonished Cavaliers.

They stopped before the well-armed girl, and shrunk back as she sprung forward, her arm raised, and a gleam of battle in her dark eyes.

"Get ye hence!" she shouted. "Do you think that I will give into your hands the dove hunted through brake and bly by the hawks! Maxton House is not unprepared for such demons as the Blackstocks, and on by that good-for-nothing Expert, who Oliver 'ole' Jes will catch some day."

"Prissie! Prissie! the wolves are hard upon my track!"

There was no mistaking the cry; the Puritan girl closed the book and with a glance which told her that her mother had fallen to sleep, she glided into the hall and thence to the great door.

"Safe!" Prissie cried, taking the sword which had been left to her.

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